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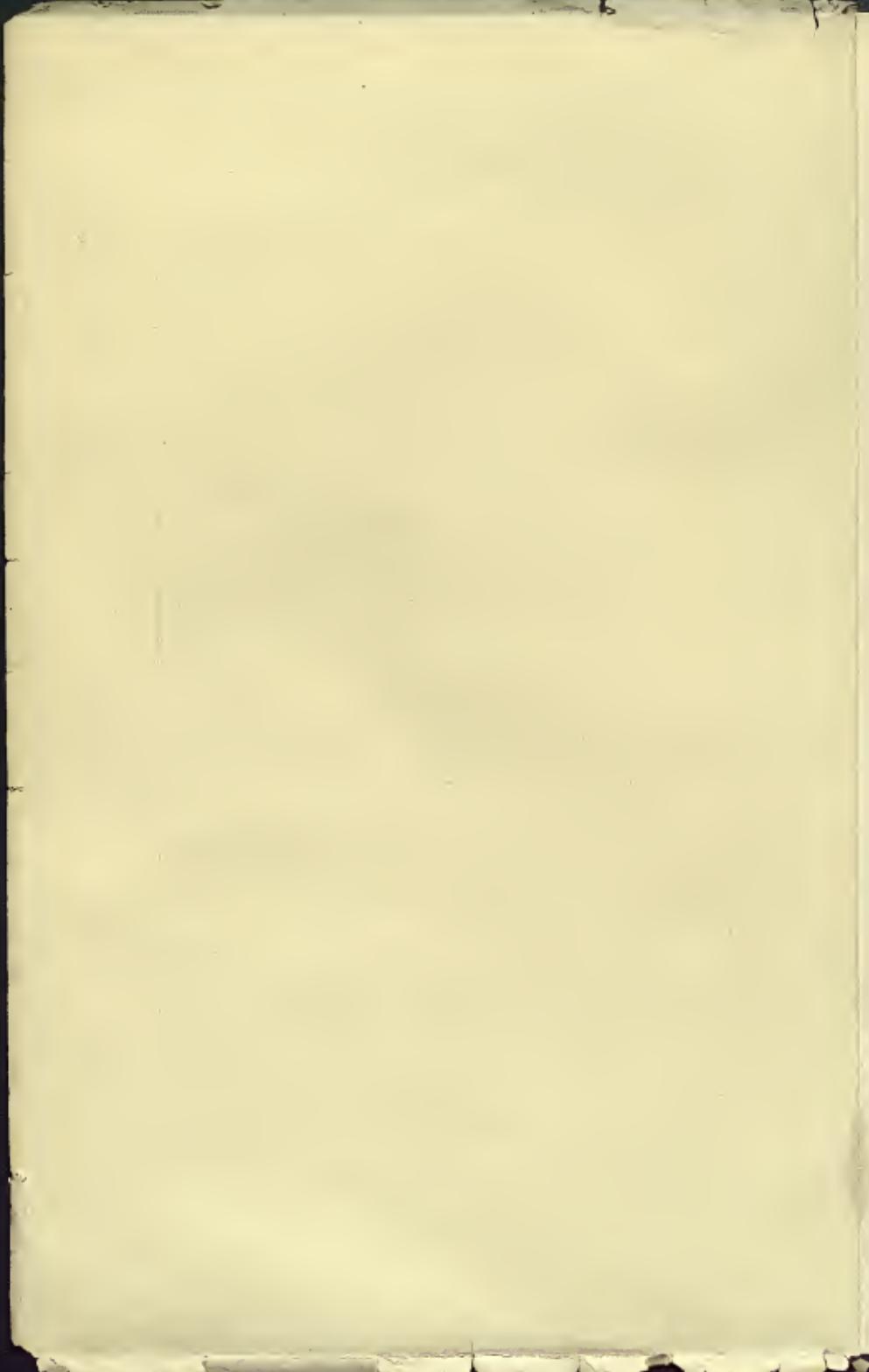
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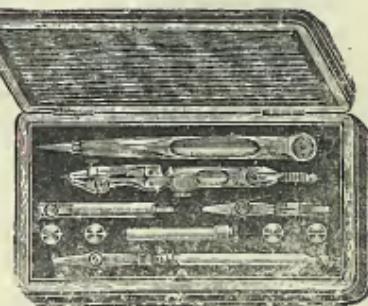
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December, 1912.

The . . .

Hartley University College .. Magazine ..

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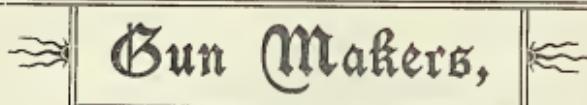
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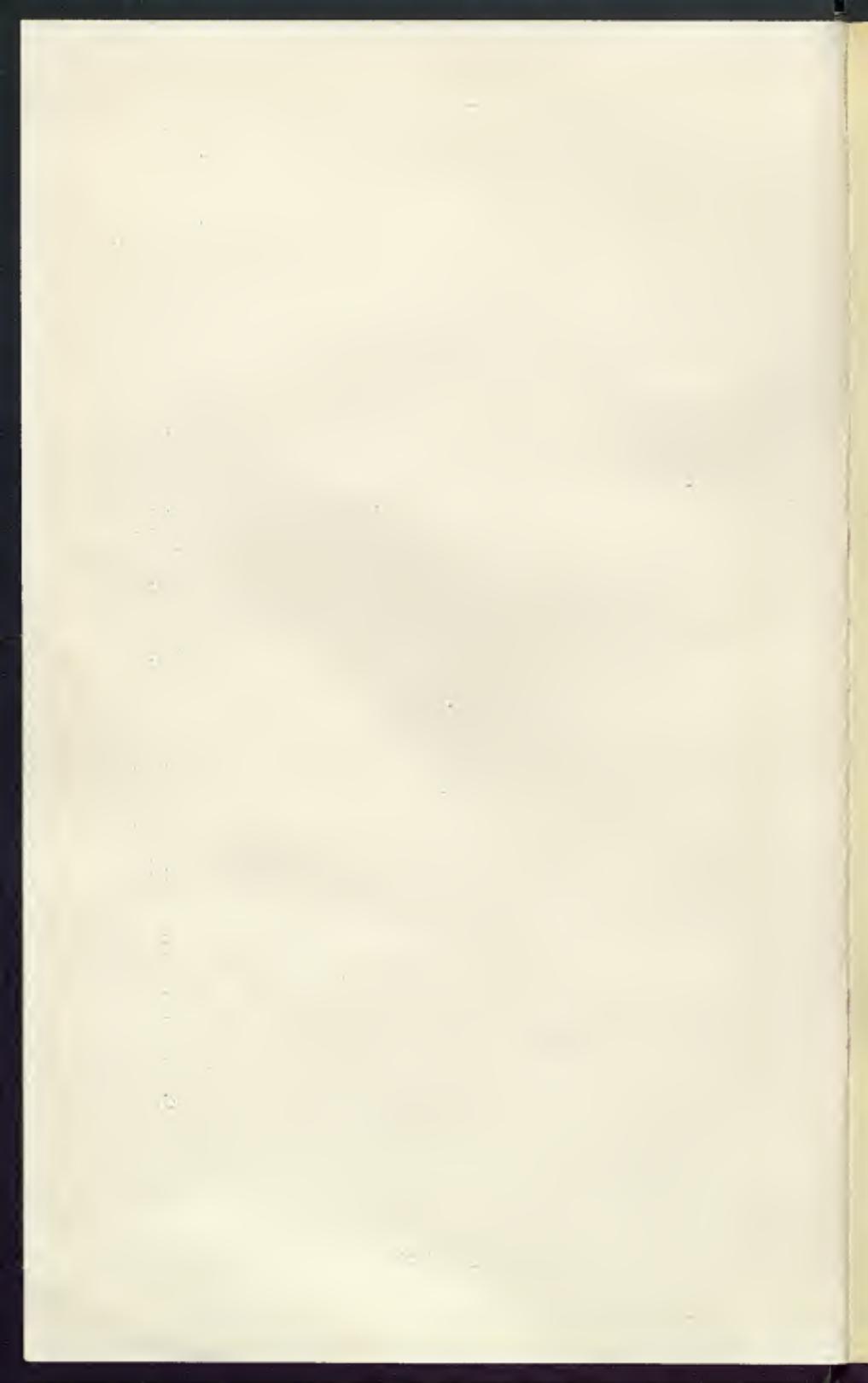
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* * *
Barley University *
College



THE
Hartley University College Magazine.

— Editorial Notes. —

It is not without some feeling of uncertainty as to its reception, that we submit to our readers this Magazine, the first of the present session. We confess that this number is smaller than some of last year's Magazines, but we have endeavoured to make up in quality for what is lacking in quantity. A good *leading* article is essential to every Magazine, and in this, we feel sure, we have been eminently successful. Our list of articles is this time headed by a most instructive and interesting contribution from the pen of Dr. Boyd. His article contains matter for thought, and is sure to make a strong appeal to those who have followed the discussions on the recent address given before the British Association. Prof. Sutherland has also very kindly contributed a learned dissertation on a subject which is well calculated to arouse the interest of scientific students.

We are glad to be able to congratulate our former Professor of History, Professor H. J. C. Hearnshaw, on his appointment to the Chair of History, at London University. At the same time we are not certain whether it is not London University that ought to receive the congratulations. A better choice

for the Chair could not have been made. Owing to his excellent research work, Professor Hearnshaw was generally recognised as the most distinguished member of our staff. He has been since January 1911, Professor of History at Armstrong College, Newcastle. We wish him all success in his new appointment.

—o—o—

We are continually hearing of successes achieved by old Students of Hartley, and we are proud of those who thus bring honour to their old College. One old Student has just lately made his *début* in the Literary world. We refer to Mr. George A. Green, who recently published a novel entitled "The Hussy," issued by Nash & Co. Mr. Green has written his book under the *nom de plume* of James Lancaster. It is many years since he left the College, having been a Student here during the years 1903-5, but he will always be remembered by his photograph which hangs in the Common Room. We offer our most hearty congratulations to Mr. Green on his success, and we sincerely hope that it will lead on to more brilliant achievements.

—o—o—

We heartily welcome to our midst all the new members of the College staff, namely:—Professor Stansfield, D.Sc. (Lond.), Professor Sutherland, B.Sc. (Aberdeen), Dr. J. W. Horrocks, M.A., Mr. R. O. Street, B.A., and Mr. T. A. Parker, A.R.I.B.A. The College authorities are to be congratulated on having secured such brilliant additions to the teaching staff. Dr. Stansfield has been lecturer and demonstrator in the Physical Laboratories of Manchester University. He has travelled extensively on the Continent, and is a member of the Royal College of Science, the Institute of Electrical Engineers, and of the Physical Society of London. The Botany Department has secured a worthy successor to Dr. Cavers, in the person of Professor Sutherland, who, until his appointment to his present position, assisted Professor Trail at Aberdeen. He is a prizeman in Zoology, and is at present engaged in research on plant disease. Dr. Horrocks, our new History Lecturer, has, for the last two years, been doing research work at Cambridge. Mr. Street, who has joined the staff as Lecturer in Mathematics, had a distinguished career at Cambridge, where he gained first class in Parts I. and II. of the Mathematical Tripos.

HONOUR LIST. *xx*

* * *

It is our very pleasant duty to congratulate all past and present students of Hartley, who have this year passed their London University Examinations. The results are very gratifying, and reflect great credit on the teaching given at the College. Appended are the names of the successful candidates:—

Master of Arts.

E. Hall.

Bachelor of Arts.

2nd Class Honours, Classics—E. R. Manley.

2nd Class Honours, English and French—Miss J. M. Knight.

3rd Class Honours, English and French—L. R. Gleed, F. Toogood, J. Rees, A. Bottomley.

1st Division, Pass—S. J. Heddon, J. Baldwin.

Bachelor of Science.

1st Class, Pass—G. D. Radford

2nd Class, Pass—W. W. Butt, H. F. Crook, W. L. Pullinger.

Intermediate Examination in Arts.

B. K. Balls, G. M. Chappell, J. Houghton, H. E. Kimber, B.Sc., G. L. Lovell, G. Powell, H. A. Thomas, B. Weber, T. R. Winter.

Excluding English—R. A. Howe, W. C. Smith.

Intermediate Examination in Science.

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THAT we take this opportunity of thanking our advertisers for their generous support, without which the Magazine could not be issued in its present size and form. But the number of advertisements is not so large this year as in the past session. This is not by any means due to shirking on the part of our Hon. Sec., who has really worked hard to secure the advertisements that we have received, and deserves great praise for his assiduity. There is a general complaint amongst our advertisers that very few students purchase their necessities in their shops. We earnestly appeal to all our readers to patronise only those tradesman who have so generously consented to advertise in our Magazine, and by so doing lighten the work of our Sec., and indirectly contribute to the success of the Magazine.

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THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

"The problems of life are essentially problems of matter."

Prof. Schäfer, Dundee Address, 1912.

4 4 4

The President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, is to be congratulated on the subject which he chose for his Opening Address at the Dundee meeting.

If science is to be advanced in Great Britain, it is eminently desirable that, for at least a brief period once a year, the attention of the British public should be distracted from racing results and political controversy, and concentrated on questions of permanent intellectual interest. And the British Association by its Annual Meetings in different cities of the Empire makes a praiseworthy effort to achieve this result. It is therefore extremely satisfactory when the subject chosen for the Presidential Address is of a character which can hardly fail to arrest attention, even in "a nation of shopkeepers." And such a subject we surely have in "The Nature, Origin, and Maintenance of Life."

The more interesting the subject chosen, however, and the larger the consequent circle of hearers or readers of the address, the greater becomes the responsibility of the speaker.

Some years ago, at the time when the British Association began its peripatetic educational labours, men of science in this country, were considered to be somewhat eccentric and not quite respectable members of the community, with whom cautious citizens did well to have few dealings. But this attitude of the non-scientific public, has since given place to a more tolerant one; and though we are still all agreed that the study of Greek legends, is the most suitable training for the statesman, be he Minister of War or Minister of Agriculture, it is becoming daily more generally recognized, that on a purely scientific question a man of science is probably the best authority.

In view of this it seems to me unfortunate that Dr. Schäfer, in his address to the British Association, should use language which is liable, I fear, to give to the unscientific public the impression that the problem of the nature and origin of life is now practically solved.

Dr. Schäfer does not attempt to define life, but he refers to the difficulty of such a task, and points out that all

definitions of life which have hitherto been made, partake of the nature of Sydney Smith's definition of an Archdeacon.*

Dr. Schäfer, indeed, appears to have come to the conclusion, that there is no sharp dividing line between the living and the non-living, but that the one passes into the other by imperceptible stages; and the view, at one time almost universally accepted, that the capacity for growth and reproduction is peculiar to the living organism, is not shared by Dr. Schäfer.

"Should it be contended," he says, "that growth and reproduction, are properties possessed by living bodies and constitute a test by which we may differentiate between life and non-life, between the animate and inanimate creation, it must be replied that no contention can be more fallacious. Inorganic crystals grow and multiply, and reproduce their like, given a supply of the requisite pabulum."

In other words we are seriously asked to believe that in the matter of growth and reproduction there is no essential difference between a crystal and a living organism. With this remarkable statement before us, other examples of a similar reasoning occur naturally to the mind.

An eight-day clock can run down and a donkey can run down, therefore, as regards the capacity for running down, no line of distinction can be drawn between a donkey and an eight-day clock; or, again, the sun rises and John Smith rises—hence, on this particular question of rising, it is impossible to distinguish between John Smith and the sun.

The fallacies of these arguments arise from the circumstance that, in everyday language, the same word is often used to denote phenomena, which, although essentially different, happen to show some element of similarity.

No one familiar with the process of crystallisation, and looking at the question from a chemical point of view, could maintain that there is anything more than a superficial resemblance between the "growth" of a crystal and the growth of a living organism.

In the process of crystallisation, it is as if a bricklayer were to take a cart of bricks to the edge of a quarry and empty the contents of the cart over the side. The bricks, placed momentarily in mid-air, would speedily rearrange themselves under the influence of gravity in more stable positions at the bottom of the quarry. In a similar way the molecules of a substance in the liquid state, when brought in contact with a

*An archdeacon, according to that celebrated man, is "a person who performs archdeaconal functions."

crystal of the same substance, arrange themselves under the influence of molecular attractions, in such a manner that they form a *more stable system than existed before*.

The processes of organic growth and reproduction are entirely different in character. To obtain a parallel to these we must suppose that our bricklayer deposits his bricks beside a bridge on the bank of a river; then sits down, and, pipe in mouth, observes how, under the genial influence of the sun's rays, the bricks, leaving their positions of stable equilibrium, rise up and attach themselves to the existing structure, so that a new bridge of twice the original width is obtained. So soon as this happens, however, the enlarged bridge divides in the middle, with the result that the river is now spanned by two bridges; phenomena, we may suppose, no less surprising than gratifying to the bricklayer. Leaving such crude and very imperfect illustrations on one side, however, and putting the matter briefly, the processes of organic growth and reproduction differ essentially from the process of crystallisation in this respect that they do not consist in the passage from *less stable* to *more stable* forms, but in the building up (or synthesis, to use the scientific term) of comparatively unstable forms of matter from those of great stability.

The simplest type of *living molecule* (supposing, for the moment, that such a thing can exist) must be a complex arrangement of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and phosphorus atoms, which, under the influence of light and heat, possesses the capacity to reproduce other molecules of the same kind from such simple inorganic substances as carbonic acid, water, potassium nitrate, &c. Or, if we may introduce a new word to denote what would certainly be a very novel property, we may say that the molecules of a living substance must possess the power of *auto-synthesis*. And until a substance possessing this remarkable property has been obtained, it is, to say the least, premature to suppose that the capacity for growth and reproduction is not a characteristic property of living organisms.

I am assuming in this argument that the simplest and most primitive type of "living matter" was—as plants are—chemically self-supporting. Animals are the millionaires, or spendthrifts, amongst living organisms, but it would be useless to be a millionaire if one were alone in the universe. I assume, therefore, that the earliest type of living organism must have belonged, so to speak, to the labouring classes; or, in other words, was capable of growth and reproduction in a

purely inorganic world. Passing from the question of the nature of life, Dr. Schäfer next proceeds to deal with the problem of its origin. He points out, in the first place, that all attempts to produce "living matter" from non-living materials have up to the present time proved unsuccessful. Nevertheless, he comes to the conclusion that we are "compelled to believe that living matter must have owed its origin to causes similar in character to those which have been instrumental in producing all other forms of matter in the universe; in other words, to a process of gradual evolution." That is to say, "living matter" is the culminating point in a gradual process of *chemical evolution* which has started from such simple inorganic substances as carbonic acid and water, passed through the period of such comparatively complex substances as the sugars, fats, &c., reached the albumens, and then taken the final step to forms of matter which are alive.

All this may sound very simple indeed; but has it any relation to facts as we know them? To many biologists, no doubt, "evolution" is a word to conjure with, but has it any rational meaning when applied to chemical processes? I suppose if one were to take a biologist of strongly evolutionary temperament into a chemical laboratory, and show him a series of specimens, starting with charcoal and water, and terminating with synthetic camphor, he would remark how beautifully the series illustrated the "evolution" of complex organic substances from simple inorganic ones. And then he would proceed to develop his argument on the origin of life in this fashion.

Since the chemist in his laboratory has built up this somewhat complicated camphor molecule from charcoal and water, it follows that even more complex molecules could build themselves up without the help of the chemist if they were given sufficient time.

The chemist is here supposed to be, like the biologist, merely an observer, who in his laboratory watches the "evolution" of complex substances, such as camphor and sugar, from simple substances such as charcoal and water, in much the same way as one might watch the development of a chicken from an egg. And since the biologist is certainly not a *sine qua non* in the production of the chicken, it is concluded that the chemist is equally unessential in the synthesis of sugar or camphor molecules.

But this elimination of the chemist from the equation, although the most natural thing in the world to persons who

are unacquainted with chemical processes, will seem less justifiable to those who have personal experience in organic synthesis, and who know how much coaxing and wheedling may be required to induce the molecules to behave as they are desired, and how often they decline altogether to hear the voice of the charmer—charm he never so wisely.

And I can hardly imagine that any student of chemistry, who had himself prepared a specimen of camphor from charcoal and water, would listen patiently to the suggestion that the fact of his having prepared this specimen proved that charcoal and water could, themselves, produce camphor without his, or any other, human assistance. He would be inclined to reply that by parity of reasoning we might argue that, because every student of classics can translate any passage from a Greek author into elegant English in a brief space of time, it follows that such passages could translate themselves into equally elegant English in a somewhat longer space of time.

All experience shows that even such comparatively simple substances as camphor and sugar can only be produced from carbonic acid and water, either by the unconscious activity of the living plant or by the conscious activity of the living chemist; and no facts seem to justify the view that a process of chemical evolution, such as Dr. Schäfer appears to postulate, has ever taken place.

I must confess, therefore, that in spite of Dr. Schäfer's very interesting exposition of his views, the nature of life and its origin remain to me entirely mysterious, and I do not see how any kind of scientific dogmatism on the subject can be justified.

On the one hand, there is the hypothesis that "the problems of life are essentially problems of matter;" on the other hand, there is the alternative hypothesis that although life, as we know it, is always associated with matter, it is, in its essence, entirely different from it.

It is open to any of us at the present time to adopt the hypothesis which he finds most useful to his needs. If the view that "the problems of life are essentially problems of matter," or, as another distinguished writer puts it, that "the atom is not without a rudimentary form of sensation and will, or, as it is better expressed, of feeling and inclination," if this view proves helpful to anyone in carrying out the duties of life, by all means let him use it as a working *hypothesis*! but I take it there will always be some of us who will consider that

the alternative hypothesis is the more probable one, and who will prefer to believe, with old Sir Thomas Browne, that "there is surely a piece of divinity within us; something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun."

D. R. B.

"RUBAIYAT" OF A HARTLEY STUDENT.

* * *

Awake ! Our landlady has put to flight
 The cats whose howling kept us up last night ;
 And to the topmost attic of our digs ascending,
 Finds all the students in a sorry plight.

And as the clock struck, those who stood before
 The bathroom shouted "Open then the door, !
 You know how little while we have to stay,
 And, having washed our hands, require no more.

Each morn several students brings you say,
 Yes, but where the students of yesterday ?
 And this first term which brings the Juniors
 Shall take Old Ferdy and his pards away.

Think, in this battered caravanserai
 Whose portals shut at night, yet open at day,
 How student after student did his swot,
 Abode his destin'd hour and went his way.

Why all the Profs. and lecturers who discussed
 And "chewed the rag" so learnedly are thrust
 Like foolish prophets forth ; their notes with scorn
 Are scattered and we are on the "bust."

Mysel when young did eagerly frequent
 The Hartley Coll., and heard great argument
 About Thring's Ideal, but evermore
 Came out as wise as in I went.

Why, if we can fling old Thring aside,
 And off to soccer on the tram-top's side ;
 Wer't not a shame, wer't not a shame for us
 In this old Coll. a swotting to abide ?

When you and I from So'ton's town have passed,
Oh, but the long, long while the Hartley Coll. shall
last.

Which of our coming and departure heeds,
As to stern seas should heed a pebble cast.

Oh Thring who didst with pitfall and with gin
Beset the road I used to wander in,
Thou wilt not when the Terminals come round,
Enmesh, and then impute my fall to sin.

As under cover of departure day
The hunger-stricken students slunk away ;
Once more within my digs alone
I stood, without the wherewithal to pay.

Kids of all sizes, great and small,
They stood along the floor and by the wall ;
And some loquacious nippers were ; and some
Listened perhaps, but never talked at all.

After a momentary silence spake
A vestal of a more ungainly make ;
" Pay up your digs and get thee gone,
No more Hartley students do I take."

Yon old green cheese that looks at me again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane ;
How oft hereafter will she look
In these same digs for me in vain ?



CHARACTER ANALYSIS

* * *

My reader will look at the title, and with a groan pass on to the light and humorous articles which are so good in their way, and so characteristic of the "Coll." Magazine. I heard a present student once say in a debate, "he thought he had come to a Special Method Lecture." I presume that the debating had reached a high standard, and was not brimful of fun as all "Coll." functions ought to be. I do not doubt but what the same gentleman will regard this article as a "Special Method Lecture" of another type. Experience has taught me that life is full of "Special Method Lectures," and the man who takes them most to heart is the one who is bound to win.

One of the great pleasures of my life has been to study the faces of those around me, and since leaving College I have given it more attention. The geologist can read the history of centuries in the strata of the rocks, and from his observations we gather some truth of the great age of the world. It is none the less true that Nature writes the history of mankind on the faces of men. There is no such thing as chance, law is everywhere; break it and one gets Hell; keep it, and one attains Heaven. So, when a man is given dark hair and dark eyes, or fair hair and blue eyes, a scornful countenance, or a sunny smiling face, it is not caprice, it is intentional, an outward indication that Nature is making definite compounds of character. "The ways and laws of Nature are uniform and harmonious," therefore it follows that there are laws underlying human construction, a correct interpretation of which will give us a science of Character.

A friend of mine who took his little son to church for the first time, had a funny if somewhat unpleasant experience. The lad remained quiet until a gaunt figure rose in the pulpit and the words "let us pray," were heard. "Dada, what a funny man!" remarked the youngster in such an audible tone as to cause amusement despite the solemnity of the place and the occasion. The boy was correct, for there is something remarkable in the spare, lean figure of Dr. Campbell Morgan that makes one imagine that a Savonarola is with us again. This great preacher has a well-shaped and beautiful head, suggestive of the great spiritual and ethical powers which he possesses. "The common round, the trivial task," fills up the life space of most individuals, and we develop only to a very small degree the features that may make us easily remarked

by others. Yet it is well for the everyday man to know more of those with whom he mixes, though it is not good for friendship to be too inquisitive. It has been well said that, "reputation is what one is in the open day, and character is what one is alone in the dark." To know what your friends are "alone in the dark," study their heads and features rather than trust to repute.

Speaking generally, the heads of all human beings may be divided into six classes or types. The first type possesses a head so shaped that it may be placed in a triangle, the apex of which points downwards. Such construction indicates great mental strength, yet it is not the ideal head. Reverse the triangle and the animal man is detected, and when this construction is very pronounced a good commonplace illustration of atavism is found. Fair ones of the College take warning. If you seek partnership with one whose tendency is towards the "animal" head, and for whom you desire real happiness, then all you need do is, "Feed the Brute." The third type is found in the long narrow face that may be placed in a rectangle. Such a head denotes the crank, and to live in peace with him means forbearance and patience. Once more, ladies beware! The fourth type is the vital type, the man who is fond of good living, loves a good story, is always ready for a good time, and whose company is always pleasant and desirable. He is easily observed, for he has a round head, often accompanied by unmistakable rotundity elsewhere. I believe men of this type are most desirable for aldermanic honours and other honorary public offices, for they excel as "trenchermen" rather than as great thinkers. In the "Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes," Sir A. Conan Doyle makes his great hero-detective tell the characters of men by a close observation of their faces, and the criminal, the fifth type, is soon detected by the flattened appearance of the head, prominent ears and small ferret like eyes. The last and best type is found in the individual whose head is almost square. He is the man in whom the great character forces are most delicately adjusted, and if any reader cares he may find a splendid example of such a head in the late William Ewart Gladstone.

Can anything be done to alter the shape of the head? Can, for instance, a man of the vital type become the man of motive power and true success? It has been said that the head of William Taft has undergone a great change during his residence at the White House. "Billy" Taft, as the Americans fondly call him, was of the distinctly vital type when he became President of the United States; everybody liked him, because he could get "right there" at a banquet,

and loved a "bully" story. The four years of office altered him. In the school of "hard knocks" he learnt some bitter things—that men whom he called friends were really traitors, and that there was more bad and good in humanity than he had ever realised. Slowly, but surely, the round head squared up, and to-day his head is typical of the man who has made the most of life, and who realises what life really means. With the different experience, and the usage of more brain cells, came a better shaped head, and despite any bitterness of triumph that he may feel, "Billy" Taft is a better man than he was four years ago, and he shows it in the altered shape of his head.

I urge that good and bad are only relative terms. The great divine, Richard Baxter, in his church at St. Sepulchre, heard the bell tolling at Newgate for the passing of a criminal. He listened intently, and then observed—"There, but for the grace of God, goes poor Dick Baxter." The character of the criminal must be analysed, and it may be done before he has gone far on the road of crime. He must then be placed in the right track, so that he may, by reason of altered life, show to the world that he is capable of other and better things, and the world may know it by the slowly transformed shape of the head. The crank must be drawn from his prejudices, and with a greater breadth of thought will come a widening of the face. The animal man must be fed with mental food, and the mental man must think thoughts that are practical and lead to action. It is not an easy task, but nothing can be done unless something is attempted, and "the reason men do not accomplish more is because they do not attempt more."

In an elementary fashion this can be applied to the children who fall beneath our care. If the teacher can but realise the tendencies of the inherited forces of the young life he is better able to direct them. The fact of large classes and salaries of inverse ratio should not deter him, though they binder and clog good work, yet they do not absolve him from his moral responsibility. To train up a child in the way he should go calls for more than a smattering of psychology, it demands a working knowledge of character and character building. We cannot know too much of our children if the history that is in the making is to be greater than that of the past. This can easily be so, for the larger interests of humanity have been neglected far too long, even in our own happy island. Education has been kept too long in the background, and when brought to the front has been perverted and distorted by the worship of the "almighty dollar."

Ruskin has written "There is no wealth but life," and he, at least, was a prophet and seer whose words are for all time. It is to the schoolmaster that the nation must look for its future, and if the present generation is too heavy to admit his significance in their midst, he cannot evade his burden if he really loves the world and his fellow-creatures. Neglected duty will always mean neglected teachers, for, if the schoolmasters of now fail with the children that come under their care, how can they expect them to develop into thoughtful and useful citizens, capable, not only of acknowledging the great debt they owe, but of giving what they know to be the true reward of faithful service. "He profits most who serves best," and one can only serve profitably when the facts of service are well known and realised. To be eternally fit is one of the great problems of life, and he alone is prepared who forever pursues knowledge, and with whom wisdom lingers.

IN THE LIBRARY.

* * *

Maiden, hastening to be wise,
 Maiden reading with a rage,
 Feverish gazing on the page
 Suiteth not those liquid eyes,
 Virgin eyes one may not see
 How they've captivated me.

Maiden, tell me, when I look
 Why I see that name of thine
 Dancing round each single line
 That is written in the book ;
 Why my heart's no longer gay,
 Why I ponder night and day.

Q.P.D.

A HOLIDAY IN FRANCE.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE has recently declared that France is the "Holiday Ground" *par excellence* of Europe, and to anyone who has spent a holiday in that charming country this statement does not cause the least surprise. The best part of my holiday was spent at Argenton, one of the chief towns of the Department of Indre, situated in the heart of the country. The whole journey from Southampton is one of infinite delight, and one cannot but admire profoundly the magnificent scenery of the Seine Valley.

Argenton is a very picturesque and historic town, situated on the banks of the Cruise, one of the tributaries of the Loire, and so celebrated in the writings of Georges Sand. Built by the Romans, it is well-known to French tourists on account of the old castle which dominates the whole town. From the top of the hill on which it is built one can survey the charming river below, always full of interest to the traveller, and a source of endless joy, owing to its rocks, falls, cascades, and water-mills, and, above all, for its banks, beautifully clothed with vineyards. On its banks, also, scores of women can daily be seen washing their linen.

The excursions that can be made from this place are innumerable. My first ride was to Gargilesse, where one may still see the home of Georges Sand, and where there is also one of the most perfect, and, at the same time, best preserved churches that the art of the 11th century has bequeathed to us. The subterranean chapel is most interesting, as being a splendid example showing the extent of the pillage done to the church in the Revolutionary Period. One can still see traces of the knife after the attempt of the country people to efface the mural decorations.

Another of our excursions was to Crozant, a small town at the confluence of the Creuse and the Sedelle. This place has recently become the favourite rendezvous of painters, and in the little inns of the village one is surprised to see gorgeous paintings done by them on the doors during the inclement weather. The object of their visits is to see the old castle, which was one of the most formidable fortresses in France in the Feudal times, and was also the chief residence of the Dukes of Aquitaine. I quote Georges Sand's description of the ruins:— "Les ruines de Crozant plantées à pic sur un immense promontoire peuvent passer pour une des plus belles horreurs de la nature: impossible de rien voir de plus sévère et de plus désolé."

It was near this village that I caught the frogs which afterwards formed some palatable dishes. The amusement we experienced in this kind of sport is really indescribable. The frogs were caught by means of a piece of red rag attached to a fishing-rod. After skinning them, the hind-part only was cooked, and I can assure you that, when properly done, the frog's flesh is as good as, if not superior, to any poultry. I tasted small snails also, but I did not care much for them. French cooking, I must say, is simply wonderful, and there is no doubt that the French are masters in the art.

Another of our excursions was to Châteauroux the capital of the department, where I had the good fortune of being able to visit one of the Government Tobacco Factories. During my holidays I spent a fortnight at La Souterraine, a small but quaint town in the department of the Creuse. It contains an historic church, whose crypt is connected to the Tour de Bridiers by a tunnel, which was used by the old Feudal Lords to go to church. Near this tower one can still see the remains of the Roman Oppidum of Breda where coins, vases and ornaments are continually being unearthed.

The most interesting part of my holiday, however, was spent at Paris, when I visited the Palace of Louis XIV., and the Trianon of Marie Antoinette at Versailles. While I was over there I was advised to get vaccinated and the doctor suggested that this would be a splendid souvenir of my first visit to France, but I immediately replied that I needed nothing to remind me of the extraordinary hospitality of the French people, and the wonderful charms of the country itself.



QUAINT OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS, No. I. "SCHOOL PRAC."

(*"Education, what crimes are committed in thy name?"*)

* * *

Picture to yourself, gentle reader, the classroom of a Public Elementary School. You see before you a serried phalanx of desks, occupied by the enemy in the form of small boys of various shapes, sizes, and degrees of cleanliness. A limp youth stands facing them. His clammy brow and awkward manner, proclaim the fact that he is not enjoying himself. Vainly he endeavours to convey the impression, that he is an epitome of all the pedagogic hagiology from Pestalozzi to Arnold. In the name of sweetness and light, what meaneth this coming together of Culture and Anarchy?

Gentle reader, you are in luck. You are about to see a devoted youth preparing himself for the noblest of professions. Listen, while he takes a class to the reading of that imperishable schoolroom classic "The burial of Sir John Moore."

First of all he "takes up a good position before the class." That is to say, he clears his throat, moistens his lips, adjusts his collar, and gives a preliminary tug to his waist-coat. The class make no secret of the fact that they already regard him as a harmless lunatic.

Then he proceeds "to arrange his apparatus." He deposits on the table before him, a miscellaneous collection of ironmongery, consisting in, a toy drum, a model church bell, a rifle and bayonet, borrowed from the Territorial armoury, a picture of a fort with "ramparts" done in coloured chalk, and a superannuated bull's eye lantern. He sighs reluctantly as he reflects he must leave the "struggling moonbeams" to the imagination of the class.

He places the drum in the slips, and decides to try the bull's eye at square leg. The rifle and bayonet he relegates to the deep field. The amount of thought expended on choosing the best strategic position for his apparatus is curious, in view of the fact that he promptly proceeds to ignore its existence. During these preliminaries, the class has gone into committee, and has decided unanimously that "this 'ere is a bigger fool than the bloke wot teached us last time."

At last the victim faces the mob and after sparring for an opening, delivers himself as follows:—

"Gentlemen, I mean boys, I want everybody to look at me, so keep your eyes on your books, and watch the blackboard—Hem!—we are going to do some reading to-day, this afternoon, number four to the left of the boy with the grease spots on his vest, what am I talking about? You don't know? No, of course not, you are not attending, fold your arms and put your hands behind your back."

"Now boys, how many of you have ever heard of Sir John Moore? Don't speak, but raise your hands, and answer in a fully formed sentence. Well now, you, tell me—what? you don't know? You should know, he must be a soldier or no one would have written a poem about him in a School Reader. Well then,—order please,—he was a soldier, in fact, he was in the army, he fought a battle with — a small boy with squint eyes in the back seat, not attending to me!"

"Now, you know all about Sir John Moore. Would you like to hear how he died? Yes? very well then, open your books at page — but first of all, attention! Eyes firm! I want you to do some drill to prepare you for what is coming. When I say 'ear flapping, by numbers, judging the time, claaaasss—Wag!' You will draw in a deep breath and wag your ears, while I look up the next step in my notes."

Here follows a few minutes' interval, during which the teacher buries his nose in a massively-bound "note-book," equal in tonnage to an office ledger, while the class pay rapt attention to an auburn-haired youth, called Ginger Miggs, who treats them to a pantomimic display of the various fistic evolutions which led up to the discomforture of Matt. Wells at the hands of Freddy Welsh.

Shutting the note-book with a snap, the teacher returns to his unruly muttions. "Now, boys, I want you to sit up straight at the 'position of balance,' the small of the back resting on the chair; the neck resting against the whites of the eyes; the palms of the hands on the floor, and both feet resting on the two thighs."

Another interval of five minutes' pandemonium ensues, while the class, with joyful war-whoops, endeavour to comply with the directions. The teacher rushes to and fro, using his note-book as a battle-axe until he has the mob stunned into a semblance of order.

"Now, boys, open your books, and read this beautiful poem silently, pronouncing each word carefully."

The boys, with much confusion and waste of time, find the place. The teacher spends the next few minutes saying

"hish!" and giving an exaggerated pattern of silent enjoyment. While pretending to read the book, he keeps one eye on the book, and with the other he sweeps the horizon through the glass door for signs of the prowling Head Master or Supervisor.

The class, this time, discuss football matters, and help themselves to light refreshment in the form of bread and cheese, and sticky conglomerates wrapped in pieces of newspaper. Having allowed the necessary interval prescribed in the ritual to elapse, the teacher throws himself once more into the breach.

"Attention, boys—step two—What is this poem about? Oh, yes, you do, Try again. Close your eyes, and describe the picture. Who are these people marching slowly along? The Boy Scouts? Not at all. Territorials? Absurd. Salvation Army? Come, come boys. Where is your aesthetic faculty which the method books say is only lying dormant? That little boy over there, with the absurdly low 'Cephalic Index,' and the ingrowing eyebrows. What are they carrying? Good boy! they are carrying a corpse. Now, who can tell me why they are carrying the corpse? What is that? Speak up. Because it can't walk? Hush, boys, don't laugh at this little boy; his answer shows that he is thinking, and that is more than anyone else in the room is capable of. Now tell me, why are they in a hurry to bury this corpse?" (Son of the local butcher replies, with professional acumen, that it is because it has been dead a long time.) "Yeeses—quite so—that is a very good answer; in fact, it couldn't be worse."

At this juncture the Head Master and Supervisor enter the room. They stand glaring at the victim, who redoubles his exertions, and tries to combine in his manner the cultured suavity of an Arnold and the high moral purpose of a Thring.

"Now, my little man," he simpers, "let me hear you interpret the beautiful thoughts of the poet."

A shock-headed lad scrambles to his feet, carefully removing three cubic inches of almond toffee from his mouth. He deposits the tasty morsel on the seat behind him, whereupon it is promptly annexed by his neighbour. Shutting one eye and screwing his face into that expression of pained effort which school children consider the classics demand, he proceeds to "interpret" in a high-pitched monotone:—

"Nan a drum was erd,
Nau a funeral Yah !!!

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'Please, Sir, 'e stuck a pin in me !'

As his corpse to the ramparts we 'urried,
Nau—a sojer discharged his—

'All-right, cocky, wait till I gets yer outside, me ole cod, I
won't 'alf slip it across yer—'

Shot o'er the grave where our 'ero we buried."

Having delivered the last two lines, interpolation included, on one breath, accelerando and diminuendo, the interpreter subsides, and becomes busied in a noisy altercation on the subject of toffee and "bloomin' conjuring tricks."

The teacher proceeds: "Who can tell me why the soldiers did not discharge a shot? Well, my lads, speak up, you may be right. Eh! What? Weasel Buggins is throwing spits at you with his pen? Stand up, Buggins! What did I tell you, Buggins, about correlating hygiene with literature? You must stop in during play-hour, Buggins, and make a clay model of the 'moonbeams' misty light."

The Head Master and Supervisor put their heads together, and converse with knitted eyebrows and conspiratorial shapings of the head. The Victim thinks they are hesitating between giving him the best mark or the best but one. As a matter of fact, they are fixing up a fishing excursion for next Saturday.

But the time for literature is spent, and a paternal Government demands that the time-table must provide for the dissipation of brain congestion caused by "interpreting." So the Victim announces the next "turn"—Organised Games.

"Class, close books—we shall take the next verse next week. Let us now adjourn to the playground for a game of "Puss in the Corner."

Exeunt Victim and class, the latter in no way responsive to the delightful anticipations of "Puss in the Corner." They evidently consider "Sir John Moore" a much more priceless organized game.

Gentle reader—here I must pause. The Editor, an excessively rude person, reminds me that there is some other stuff of more importance than my drivel (which those were his very words, yer worship) to be fitted into this Magazine. But, if after reading this, you haughty extra-departmentals will have a thought of pity for the unfortunate Normal, cribbed, cabined, and confined in a Mephitic atmosphere,

"interpreting," while you are still at the seaside squeezing her hand, and sighing like a furnace—in that case the writer's labour will not have returned unto him void.

Believe me, Dante's "Purgatorio" is but a cinema-show, and his "Inferno" a beanfeast, compared with *School Prac.*

A SONG OF THE TOUCH-LINE.

* * *

A shout and a roar on the touch-line,
 The "Gobili" peals to the skies,
 The air resounds with the shouts' mad ring,
 The ball flies out from centre to wing,
 The field sweeps by with a rush and a swing—
 The Coll.! Play up, the Coll.!

A hundred men on the touch-line
 Yelling like demons unchained—
 With lecs. on the morrow, and work to prepare,
 Though tutors may curse, and professors may swear,
 Yet nought but the game earns a thought or a care—
 The Coll.! Play up, the Coll.!

Hark to the song on the touch-line,
 Swelling, deep-throated and strong,
 In triumph and pride the old anthem rings out,
 And far on the breeze floats its jubilant note,
 To burst at last in a thunderous shout—
 The Coll.! Play up, the Coll.!

We pass from the crowd on the touch-line!
 Years swiftly rushing, and yet,
 Though voices of others must raise the refrain,
 Though never we share in its glory again,
 Still dear in our hearts shall thy mem'ry remain—
 The Coll.! Play up, the Coll.!

Echoing down from the touch-line,
 Vague as the dream of a dream,
 When baffled and beaten, we stumble and fall,
 Urging us on to strive, struggle through all,
 Steals to the soul the faint lilt of the call—
 The Coll.! Play up, the Coll.!

THE WEB OF LIFE.
* * *

To the naturalist the "Web of Life" is a shorthand formula, a luminous conception pregnant with suggestion and explanation of the vast system of linkages binding life and matter. In itself the metaphor suggests the picture of a spider's web, with its delicate filmy maze, which the brush of an insect's wing sends vibrating. The loosening of a single thread affects the whole; in Nature isolation is impossible and the platitude, "it does not matter," untrue. Every unit is part of a complex whole, through which innumerable invisible threads ramify and wind. Nothing happens to its finely adjusted balance without disturbing the equilibrium and sending it a-swaying. An organism so small that hundreds may sail with ease though the prick of a pin point, may send a throb through ever widening circles. Introduce it into our milk supply and its offspring may decimate a district, setting up a series of pulsations, whose ebb and flow may be felt on the other side of the globe. The cholera bacillus can duplicate every twenty minutes, and, at this rate, if everyone survived and multiplied for but a single day, the offspring of one would number approximately 5,000,000,000,000,000,000, with a weight of over 7,000 tons. Yet we are told that nothing matters. True, the balance is readjusted, but often at what a cost! An entire race may have vanished and gone to join the great graveyard of buried links with the past. Thus the Dodo had to give way before the colonisation of man, and the advent of the brown rat meant death for the black.

An interesting example of the complexity of the web was observed by Hudson in La Plata in the early part of the 18th century. The summer had abounded with sunshine and blossom, and bees multiplied, and thronged on the plentiful supply of honey. But many bees meant many mice, which feed on them. "In autumn the ground so teemed with mice, that one could scarcely walk anywhere without treading on them, while out of every hollow weed-stalk lying on the ground, dozens could be shaken." Their immense number affected the whole district; cats and dogs forsook the quiet fireside for a life of plunder and rapine; even barn-door fowls became puffed up and pert because of their skill in pursuing and killing them; all the carnivores of the district grew sleek and fat; and as the news spread, owl and stork came from afar to share in the feast. The succeeding winter was severe and dry, and gradually grass and other vegetation became scanty; bees were

reduced ; the mice, deprived of food and shelter, ceased to be ; and the feast was over. The dog and cat were glad to slink back to their houses ; the barn-door fowl strutted less proudly ; the opossum and the weasel felt the pinch of hunger ; and most of the birds of prey sought fresh fields, leaving only the weak to face the want and cold of the succeeding winter. Abundant sunshine had turned on the full tap of life with its grim warfare, and the touch of winter's drought had stayed its headlong stream.

This illustrates the dependence of the animate world upon its surroundings. The majority of plants take the simple substances which the air, soil, and water supply, and pressing the energy of sunlight into their service, build up complex organic compounds under the magic touch of the living protoplasm. The minute cell is the laboratory, sunlight the energy, and life the guiding hand. Upon those compounds all animal life is dependent directly or indirectly. The Condor swoops down from its lofty pitch upon a fallen carcase, and riots at the plentiful table, which death has spread for it in the desert ; the Lämmmergeyer carries off living prey in its great hooked talons and feasts its young in their mountain fastness ; the strong and cunning carnivore springs upon its startled victim and buries its fangs in the warm quivering flesh ; but ultimately we come down to the vegetarian.

The subtle thread of life is snapped, and a bacterial host, rioting in putrefaction, breaks down the animal body into its simple elements, preparing it for plant food once more. Thus there is a constant flux, a cycle from the inorganic to the organic and back again, a ceaseless building up, and a restless breaking down. "Penelope-like, Nature is continually unravelling her web and starting afresh."

This cycle of matter, this linking of life with death, and death with life is a common-place of our everyday existence. Each of us forms the locus of point through which many such circles pass. It was found difficult to keep a certain famous fishpond stocked throughout the year until this was understood, when the following cycle was the result. Alongside the pond were placed numerous boxes filled with mud and manure. In those, infinite numbers of bacteria worked and multiplied, forming abundant food for countless swarms of infusorians, which overflowed in a living stream into the pond, only to feed and fatten the small crustaceans upon which the fish lived. The mud fed the bacteria, the bacteria the infusorians, the infusorians the water-fleas, the water-fleas the fish, and the fish man.

The denizens of the abysmal deep get their food in a somewhat similar manner. Tiny fairy-like pelagic plants and animals, whose lives are spent dancing in the sunlit waters, or being tossed from ripple to ripple, and wave to wave, die, and their bodies fall like snowflakes upon the gloomy ocean floor, forming a nutritious ooze for small ghoulish organisms. Those in turn become part of worms, which become part of crustaceans, which become part of small fish, which become part of larger fish. Thus the energy of the sunlight is transformed, and carried down to the fantastic creatures which flit ghost-like over the dark, silent ocean-bed.

The tracing of the threads linking animals to plants, and plants to animals, forms one of the most interesting exercises in Biology. Many of them may be shown to be connected with the parasitic habit. Whole races of plants have evolved which have found it more congenial to live upon food already built up than to make it for themselves. Life has been made easier for them, but it has been made so at the cost of their independence. They have lost their green colouring matter, and with it the power of the alchemist to transmute the dross into the gold of life. Of those, the Fungi are the best illustration, in that they depend entirely upon organic food. Many of them, it is true, help to break down dead vegetation, but many attack living plants and even animals, feeding upon their tissues, which they often stimulate to renewed effort, and finally kill, when they cease to be of use.

Flowering plants also afford examples. Some, like the Yellow Rattle, are only semi-parasitic. They tap the roots of cereals, but retain sufficient chlorophyll to prepare some of their own food. Others, like the Dodder and the Broom Rape, attach themselves to the stems and the roots of their respective hosts, at whose expense they live and reproduce.

There seems to be a curious justice and irony in the fact that, while all animals depend upon plant-life, many plants have elaborated quaint, but effective, mechanisms for entrapping and digesting insects and other small animals. The Butter Wort, so plentiful in damp places on our moors and mountain-sides, captures small insects, which, attracted doubtless by the treacherous nectar-like drops on the leaves, alight, only to be entangled by the slimy fluid. This holds them securely until the margins of the leaf roll in upon them, opening later to show only the indigestible chitinous remains, the insect body having been broken down by the sticky exudation, which acts like a gastric juice, producing a soluble fluid absorbed by the plant. The Sundew, bedded

lightly among the bog-moss in our marshes, raises its rosette of leaves densely studded with sticky red tentacles. A fly, stopping for a moment from its dizzy flight, or from threading the maze of its sunlit dance, flits down to sip at the glistening dew-like drops, and its vain struggles serve but to bend more tentacles upon it, each pouring out its digestive juice. The Bladderworts, abounding in ditch and marsh, have curious little traps made of modified leaves, into which they lure minute crustaceans. The small trap-door opens easily inward, but exit is impossible.

Venus' Fly-Trap, a native of the marshes of America, is more elaborate. The hinged leaf snaps together on an insects' brushing against the sensitive hairs on its upper surface, and the fatal touch ends in the same grim tragedy of death, digestion and absorption. Still more notorious are the Pitcher-Plants, of the tropics. These possess brilliantly-coloured pitchers with a nectar secretion round the broad, often delicately-fluted rims, which lead by precipitous and slippery slopes, into dark cavities filled with death-dealing fluid. Insects, stooping to kiss the honeyed mouth, wander too near the fatal brink, and are precipitated into the foul, lethal bath. All efforts to climb up again are frustrated by the polished and waxy surface, often rendered more unscaleable by spikes pointing downwards.

But all life is not a grim "Hobbesian warfare," with the battle for the strong, and the prize for the cunning. There are relationships more happy than these—partnerships for mutual benefit. One of the Saw-Worts (represented by one species in Britain) is subject to attack by beetles, which gnaw and destroy the crowded flower-heads. The plant meets this danger by employing a standing force of warlike ants, attracted by the secretion of abundant honey from the outer layers of overlapping tracts. This is very palatable food, and, in order to secure it for themselves, the diminutive protectors do not hesitate to attack an invader. On the approach of the beetle they may be seen balanced grottsquely upon their last pair of legs, presenting a threatening front to the invader, and, if necessary, hastening its retreat with a broadside of formic acid squirted from their own bodies. One of the acacias supplies the garrison with cave dwellings in its hollow thorns, and a plentiful supply of small pear-shaped, delicious out-growths, in return for protection from leaf-cutting insects.

And this does not exhaust the extent of animal service to plants. The pages of Botany are full of interesting accounts of the wonderful adaptations of plants for preventing self-

pollination, and securing the transference of pollen by insects, birds, snails, and other animals. All the varied hues and odours of flowers, as well as their elaborate and cunning mechanisms, have evolved in response to this need. Along with those have arisen corresponding adaptations in insect-life. To pollinate a flower with a long spur an insect with a long tongue is necessary. The plastic organism is a bundle of adaptations. A variation occurs, and is perpetuated by heridity. If the organism receives any additional benefit from its possession, Nature places upon it the hall-mark of the fit, and selects it for survival. Thus the changes in flowers have grown up linked with changes in their insect guests, and their number is legion.

When the first bright sunny days of March and April awaken plant and animal life, the bee, throwing off its dull lethargy betakes itself to the "Willow Catkin," and, buzzing from tankard to tankard, quaffs the sweet nectar, and revels in the fresh pollen, at the same time bearing from blossom to blossom, its cloud of fertilising dust. Lowly beetles, dressed in armour of green and gold, seek the quiet brookside, where the March marigold flanks its large King-cups, and there

" Blind and green they grope
Among the honey meal."

The humble snail, crawling wearily over the moist surface growth, is bent to the will of the Golden Saxifrage; and the ghostly moth flits in the deepening shadows of night from Catch-Fly to Catch-Fly, transferring the golden dust, and tapping the treasured nectar. Even the dainty humming birds, ablaze with brilliant plumage, stoop to be bearers of pollen for such sweet reward.

Darwin's classical illustration of the Web of Life is given in connection with the pollination of Red-Clover. He noticed that the humble-bees were the only agents accomplishing this, and, going still further, he remarked that those bore a relation to the numbers of field-mice which tend to destroy their combs in search of honey. And the number of mice depends on the number of cats. Thus clover will be pollinated well where bees are plentiful, where field-mice are scarce, where cats abound, and a humorist has added where old maids collect.

Animals also play an important part in fruit and seed dispersal. The Burdock, Goosegrass, or Avon fruits, become attached by hooks to the coats of passing animals, and are carried to new fields.

Darwin took a little ball of earth from a bird's foot, and from it eighty tiny plants sprung up. And yet we wonder how plants have spread. Other plants concentrate their energy on producing brightly-coloured, deliciously nutritious fruits for attracting birds which disperse their seeds unconsciously. Some lower plants attract flies for the same purpose. The Wood Witch (a species of Fungus) gives out the unpleasant odour of decaying flesh. Flies, whose tastes are somewhat offensive, are attracted to the fetid feast, and in feeding on the disagreeable slime, help to carry the spores to other places.

There is a very common popular belief that all animal action is selfish and disjointed. But this is not so. Throughout animal life there are countless links binding genus to genus, species to species, and member to member of the same family. Examples of colonial life abound even in the lower groups. The social or gregarious habit reaches a high stage of development among insects. Bees and wasps have found it advantageous to form organised communities, consisting of different grades of individuals, with distinctly marked division of labour. Ant-life affords, perhaps, the most instructive illustrations. One of those—an Asiatic species—lives in small colonies on leaves, whose margins have been curled up and fixed together by a viscid substance secreted by the larvæ. Picture a worker-ant holding a squirming larva tightly in her jaws, and applying the living gum-bottle to the required spot! Many specialise in farming. Some ants keep herds of aphides, much as dairy farmers keep cattle. Those minute green-flies live mainly on leaves, and exude a honey secretion, of which the ants are particularly fond. In October they lay their eggs on the leaves. Those the ants take into their nest, and tend carefully until the next season, when the young hatch out, and are carried to suitable feeding grounds, which they wall in with dykes of earth. Thither they resort often to milk their kine, a process which consists of stroking them, and lapping up the sweet substance which exudes from their bodies.

Plant parasitism has been referred to briefly already. The frequency of this habit is illustrated better in animal life, where there are few species without their particular pest or pests. The life history of the oil-beetle is a good example of the usual vicious cycle. The adult beetle lays her eggs, numbering about 2,000, near the entrance to the nest of a certain bee. Although the eggs are deposited in autumn, they hatch out in spring, when the active larvæ attach themselves to the hairs of insects alighting near. Some of them

are fortunate enough to be carried into the bees' nest, and, as a female is depositing her egg in the cell full of honey, the attached larva transfers itself to it, along with which it is walled in. And there it floats, balanced carefully in its tiny craft, for, were it to topple in at this stage, it would be drowned. As it rests thus over the honeyed deep, it gradually devours the contents of the egg, at the same time changing to a grub, with breathing holes at one end, which allow it to float in the honey, right end up, without any fear of suffocation. When the food supply is exhausted, the grub passes into the pupa stage, from which it emerges later as the perfect insect.

Then many well known parasites belong to the Trematodes, the Cestodes, and the Thread-worms. The notorious Liver-fluke, passing through a complex life cycle in two hosts causes a large death-roll among sheep in wet districts, while other representatives are to be found among blood parasites. And the smaller the organism, the greater seems its power, for with minute size are correlated the production of immense numbers in a very short time, and the greater possibility of some at least finding a suitable host. Thus while the lowest forms of plants, the bacteria, cause some of the gravest disorders in man and beast, so do the lowest animal forms, like the minute Protozoa, causing malaria and sleeping sickness.

We have noticed already that environment is essential to plant and animal life, but it may also be modified by those in return. The common brown-seaweeds like *Fucus* and *Laminaria* help to lessen the force of the storm-waves pounding on the shore. Lichens and mosses have made life on land possible for higher plants, which have walked over their ashes, taking hold of the positions made tenable by their forerunners. The bent-grass, the sand-sedge, sword-grass, and many others do valuable pioneer work, in fixing drifting sand-hills and preventing their deadly march on agricultural land. In some parts of the country whole parishes have been devastated and woods buried by those dunes' marching slowly on and leaving in their wake stretches of barren sand unbroken by vegetation; in others, Nature has succeeded in chaining them. Now man, taking a lesson from what is going on around him, calls in the help of the plants innumerated above. These he plants on the sand-hills, binding them to his will. Trees have also been used successfully for this purpose in several European countries where beautiful Pine is grown on the pure sea-sand.

Within recent years serious flooding has occurred in several regions of France. The solution is not to be sought for in

altered meteorological conditions, but in the haphazard and large timber-felling made for some years on mountain side and catchment area. But what connection can there possibly be between timber-felling and flooding? The action of a heavy rain storm on a bare hillside, is quite different from what happens on a wooded slope. In the former, the surface is exposed to the full force of the storm at once and while a certain fraction of the rain sinks into the ground, the remainder rushes down the steep slope, increasing in volume, cutting out deep ruts, carrying away soil and pebbles, and finally emptying into the river, whose swollen waters overflow the lowland plains. In a wood the force of a rain storm is broken by leaf and branch and twig; the drops fall more slowly from them, and sink into the soft spongy bed of humus, so that very little is left to form torrents. Hence woods prevent or at least lessen the chances of serious flooding, at the same time protecting the hillsides from being washed into the valleys. France has learnt her lesson, and haste is being made to repair the mistake.

Animals react upon their surroundings as well. True, the actions of the individual is infinitesimal, but the combined action of infinite numbers for millions of years is incalculable. Narrow-sighted man is accustomed to despise the lowly worm, and question the wisdom of a Nature which provided it. And yet few creatures have played, and are still playing, such an important part in the economy of the world. It has been estimated that there are over 50,000 worms per acre in good fertile garden soil; and each worm spends its life in boring through the ground ventilating it, in dragging vegetable matter underground, and in passing soil through its body, grinding it down, and enriching it. Darwin calculated that they bring three inches of mould up to the surface every fifteen years, and that the earthworms of Britain pass annually through their bodies 320,000 tons of earth. They are lowly toilers, but they ploughed and fertilised the earth for millions of years before man appeared and learned to scratch the surface with the first crude implements.

Man, too, has made his hand felt on the face of Nature; he has turned the river from its course, spreading its waters over the desert, which he has dotted with fertile vineyards; he has checked the encroachment of the sea, and hollowed out mountains; he has caught fleeting glimpses of Nature's secrets, and applied them to breeding and improving animals and plants. But his meddling has not always been so happy. Sometimes, in his ignorance of the width and depth, the breadth and height of the Web of Life, he has put forth his hand, and the consequences have been dire.

In a certain district in Germany, during a very severe winter, a large number of old oaks were cut down. The result was that the thousands of bats which sheltered in the old hollow boles perished from cold, or were ruthlessly killed in the felling and sawing. In the following year the Oak Procession-Moth became more numerous, and its caterpillar did considerable damage, stripping forest and fruit trees over a large area. Formerly the bats had preyed partly on the moths, and by keeping down their numbers had prevented their becoming a pest. Immediately this pressure was released, they increased enormously, and made their presence felt.

Time after time those fatal mistakes are made. Our gamekeepers, in their blinded zeal for the preservation of grouse and partridge, destroy owl and vermin-killer indiscriminately. By so doing they lesson the natural enemies of the field-voles, which do so much damage to crops.

The execrations, hurled forth because of the introduction of the rabbit into Australia, and the sparrow into America, will rumble down generations to come. In the latter case, the pugnacious sparrow ousted the more timid insectivorous birds, with the inevitable result that insect pests have increased and considerable damage is done to the fruit.

During recent years in Scotland, a good deal of attention has been focussed on the amount of damage done by squirrels to the trees in young plantations. An organised attempt was set on foot to exterminate them in a northern county, and a price was set on the head of the beautiful rodent. The war of extermination commenced, and it was some time before its effects could be felt. Then farmers noticed that the number of wood pigeons had increased alarmingly, and that they were suffering severely during seed-time and harvest. These had been kept in check formerly by the squirrels, which destroy large numbers of young pigeons.

These illustrations are mainly types of the countless blunders man has made, but they serve to illustrate the linking of the web, and how carefully every step must be considered before any attempt is made to interfere with the delicate balance of Nature.

RAINBOWS OR BEDSTRAW?

+ + +

A small arrow of sunlight that sidled
 Round the window-frame, illuminated a jar
 Of mine, which heretofore was in darkness.
 Yesterday a ray of light directly broke through me—
 The same.

All jars are not alike—save texture.
 Yet all receive the sun and most reflect a little
 Of the world. Some have beauty of design ;
 Others mere mishapen botches ;
 Some concave and all in shadow—
 Other convex and all in light.
 A hand fills some with Fran Karl roses—
 For others Japanese sunflowers
 Do suffice.

But are we only jars, bowls,
 Ornaments of some silent Figurehead,
 Mere instruments of a Kismetic art,
 Slokers of an unsatisfiable thirst ?
 No ! I contend a man's fate and will is his
 No more do the old deities govern
 A man than does a God of theory.
 But then ye ask what of that vital force
 That guides the colouration when the bird
 Refeathers ; or leads the cuckoo to deposit
 Its eggs in another's nest ?
 Of this—I cannot tell, neither ye me.

But this I know, that we have souls—of life,
 Beauty and love with which we perfect all.
 So let each press his way. Not singly ! No !
 But all in all.

Press on for the cup is complete.
 Fill up at once, instead of drop by drop ;
 For man's thirst (not God's) is great. Green fields
 And colours numerous, purple uplands
 And waving tree-tops, lapping sea-waves
 And blue infinite wait for all.

Press on ;
 For God is Man and Man is God,
 Or—God, the idealisation of Man.

C. W.

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE JUGGINS ON
MODERN POETRY.

♦ ♦ ♦

A Letter to the Editor.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—

It has been suggested that there has been a dearth of Poets lately, but I have here below ample proof to the contrary, and my heart beats with satisfaction when I reflect that we have still one Poet left.

Having nothing better to do the other day, I took up a stray part of a weekly journal (price 1d.), called *Great Thoughts*, dated August 17th, 1912, never suspecting the sweet suspense in store for me. I suddenly came across the lines given below, and, after reading them, I said to myself, "Juggins, here is a poem greater even than 'Excelsior.' " I give it in full:—

THE WOMAN'S CROSS.

To go, to know, and yet to live and suffer,
To be as use and wont demand, to fly no signal,
That the soul founders in a sea of sorrow,
But to be "true," "a woman," "patient," "tender,"
"Divinely acquiescent," all forbearing,
To laugh, and smile, to comfort and sustain,
To do all this—oh, this is bitterest,
O this the heaviest cross, O this the tree,
Whereon the woman hath her crucifixion.

Fiona Macleod.

That is all! Read it, my dear Sir! Now do it again. Now do it a third time. And now, upon your soul and honour, what is the woman driving at? Is it supposed to be prose or verse? Let us see if there be any metre—of rhyme there is certainly none.

Count the syllables:—

Line 1—11 syllables.

„	2—13	„
„	3—11	„
„	4—11	„
„	5—11	„
„	6—10	„
„	7—10	„
„	8—10	„
„	9—11	„

Average, 10.888.

Such an average speaks for itself.

Now consider it piece by piece, "line upon line, line upon line, here a little, there a little. First the title.

The woman's cross—and well she might be, say I. How the deuce any man or woman could be other than cross after reading such stuff, I cannot imagine. However, there you are—the woman's cross.

Line 1—"To go, to know, and yet to live and suffer."

To go where? Where, in the name of all that's good and reasonable, are we to go? To know what? Will you please tell me that?

"And yet to live." Well, how in Jupiter's name, could a person go, and know, and heaven knows what else besides, without being alive? "And suffer." She has got something right at last—that is our part of the business.

Line 4—"What" "the" "dickens" "are" "all" "those" "inverted" "commas" "about" "?" Is it because somebody else has written the words before? My dear Madam, every word you write is, no doubt, in the dictionary; it is only when they are used in the same combinations, and in the same sense, that the inverted comma arrangements are required, and I am willing to lay you 1,000 to 1 that nobody ever used them in the same sense before. Be not afraid, dear lady, you are unique. No other poet has dived so deeply into life's mysteries.

Line 6—"To laugh, to smile." I put it to you, plainly, Mr. Editor, is not this the greatest instance of dramatic irony the world has ever seen? Why, one would be as likely to think of laughing or smiling over that as of calling for pickled salmon and cigars during an attack of *mal de mer*.

I say if any woman has the courage to laugh, smile, or even grin, she deserves the vote—and a straight-waistcoat. But, my dear Sir, the next two lines beat the rest hollow. Just consider them again.

"To do all this—Oh, this is bitterest; O, this the heaviest cross: O, this the tree—"

Oh, O, O, as the good lady herself remarks! To do all what? And, again, which is bitterest? Is it laughing, smiling, going, knowing, flying signals, or what? Or has the lady been sampling ale, and suddenly come upon a glass of something which caps all other malt liquor?

Perhaps, however, it is the cross, as the next line suggests, or the tree—deuce only knows!

And, lastly, Line 9—Here, Sir, we have, indeed, some consolation. The woman confesses she is crucified; and if ever anybody on the earth deserved it, she did. But I wish, before they had finished her off, some key to the mystery had been obtained. Mr. Editor, I beseech you, if you can throw any light on the subject write quickly, and relieve the fevered brain of

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE JUGGINS.

* * * * *

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN—

Since writing the above, I have received a reply from the Editor. I give an extract. It is not quite like that which he sent, but will do at a pinch.

“ Generous Juggins—

“ After attacking the effusion of dear Fiona, from a logical, an etymological, a philosophical, and many other points of view, I decided to have it analysed in the Chemistry Laboratory, so I presented it to Mick Ri—v—s, with a prayer to get it done quickly. All that day, and all the night, he laboured (much to the disgust of Bu—ey, who was forced to sleep on a test-tube rack) and the next day, when I went to see him, he was in a really alarming state. There was nobody in the laboratory, save Mick, myself, and the aforementioned B—xey, and I whispered to Mick, “ Well, Mr. R—es, and what have you found ? ” Trembling with emotion, he wrote on a piece of paper, in large characters, this mystic formula:—Ba L₂ Y R O T. While he yet wrote the room became dark, and in front of us appeared a lady, “ clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,” and across her forehead, in red characters, was written FIONA. On seeing her, Mick gave a wild scream, and dashed down the stone steps, and broke his neck 'neath the shade of the bottom balances. We picked up his mangled remains, and, using the agate mortar, ground them up to powder, and put the latter in the copper sulphate bottle, near the best balances. Anyone may see it who likes, for, as Macaulay says :—

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CATERING IN LARGE OR SMALL QUANTITIES.

'And there it stands until this day
 To witness if I lie ;
 It stands beside the balances,
 Plain for all folk to see,
 With Buxey there beside it,
 Halting upon one knee ;
 And underneath is written,
 In letters not quite straight,
 How, in the cause of science,
 Poor Micky met his fate.'"

G. H. B.

MY LANDLADY'S FLAPPER—A Warning, by "one who has been there."

"*Les jeunes filles sont déjà femmes.*"

* * *

Lustrous of hair, of her beware,
 She wieldeth a subtle charm,
 From the radiant crown of her ringlets brown
 To her rose-red lips
 And the finger tips
 Of her soft and graceful arm.

With a *welkin* eye and a chin held high
 Outstrips she fast all praises,
 Yet those tiny feet, cased in shoon so neat,
 On a heart will tramp
 And at times will ramp
 Cynthia has her phases.

Her ripe rich smile, her laugh a viol
 Casts she a powerful spell,
 But your circling arm will bring you harm,
 This pinafored maid
 Is an arrant jade
 She'll titter and squeal and *tell*.

Oh ! tempest tossed is your soul, and lost
 On the sea of a dark despair.
 But she careth not, full well I wot
 For your patient grief
 Beyond relief,
 Her heart —— is it *anywhere* ?

SAYINGS APROPOS.

"The next best thing to being witty oneself is to quote another's wit."

* * *

MR. CLEARY ON MOCK ELECTION DAY.

"The Common Room floor he could not break,
Nor dent it at a falling with his head."

With apologies to Chaucer.

MR. B-ND.

"Many a crown
Covers bald foreheads."

E. B. Browning—"Aurora Leigh."

"None but the bald deserve the fair."

"Old Proverbs."

MISS EASSON AND MISS COOPER.

"Love me little
Love me long."

MR. LAYCOCK IN HIGH STREET.

"His heavy feet sounding like thunder on the street."

T. E. Brown.

ANYBODY ON BROWNING.

"Bless me! what am I talking about?"

Brown.

THE INITIATION.

"The best laid schemes o' — men gang aft a gley
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain for promised joy."

Burns—"To a Mouse."

MR. SNOW TO MISS PITMAN.

"O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!"

Shakespeare—"Midsummer Night's Dream"

MR. SN-W.

"The bookful blockhead ignorantly read
With loads of learned lumber in his head."

"Nulli Secundus."

'VARSITY STUDENTS AT MUSIC.

"Master go on, and we will follow thee
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty."

"*As you like it.*"

MR. J - MES IN OPTIONAL ENGLISH.

"When he speaks
The air, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences."

"*Henry V.*"

PRIVATE SWOT.

"Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?"

"*Midsummer Night's Dream.*"

STOPPING OF MIXED PHYS. BY SENATE.

"We pine for kindred natures
To mingle with our own."

Mrs. Hemans—“*Psyche Borne by Zephyrs to the
Island of Pleasure.*”

MR. NE - SH - M.

"A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits."

Pope—“*Dunciad.*”

MR. DA - IS.

"He wears the roses of youth upon him."

"*Antony and Cleopatra.*"

MR. J - W = TT.

"Better late than never."

"*An Habitation Enforced.*”

MR. SP - RKS.

"Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est."

(Nothing is sillier than a silly laugh.)

Catullus.

WOMEN'S HOSTEL.

"Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux."

"*Rape of the Lock.*”

MR. KR - LY, AFTER DINNER.

"And, pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me."

"*Midsummer Night's Dream.*"

MR. J - C BS.

"He is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this."

"*Hamlet.*"

P.S. BEFORE BREAK.

"Their only labour was to kill the time,
And labour dire it is, and weary woe:
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme."

Thomson—"*Castle of Indolence.*"

FOOLSCAP AT TERMINALS.

"Take it—you're welcome—no extra charge."

O. W. Holmes—"*One-hoss Shay.*"

MR. JACOBS AT HALF-TIME.

"A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife."

R. Browning—*Hervé Riel.*

MR. SPARKS.

"Sirs—they know I speak the truth."

R. Browning—*Hervé Riel.*

MR. PRECIOUS, LATE FOR LECTURES.

"Sleep a little longer,"
Till the little limbs are stronger."

Tennyson—"*Birdie and Baby.*"

AT MISS CUSSAN'S LECTURES.

"And every minstrel-voice . . . shall greet her with its earliest cry."

O. W. Holmes—"*Under the Violets.*"

MR. SPARKS' HAIR.

"Beware, beware . . . his floating hair."

Coleridge—"*The Rainbow.*"

MR. HEBDEN.

"Some huge piece of Nature's make—the growth of centuries."

Lowell—“Fire of Hamburg.”

"What immortal hand or eye,
Framed thy fearful symmetry."

Blake—“The Tiger.”

MISS TAYLOR.

"Creature none can she decoy into open sign of joy."

Wordsworth—“A Kitten and Falling Leaves.”

MR. HADDOCK.

"He has a lean and hungry look; he thinks too much."

Shakespeare—“Julius Cæsar.”

"Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort as if he mocked himself."

Shakespeare—“Julius Cæsar.”

MR. SNOW AT BROWNING LECTURES.

"I rattle off some of my most excellent absurdities."

Lamb—“Essays of Elia.”

MR. BROUGHTON.

"Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy."

Shakespeare—“Twelfth Night.”

MR. ROTHERY'S ABILITIES.

"Who'd have guessed it from his lip, or his brow's accustomed bearing."

R. Browning—“Waring.”

MR. MILLS AT SMOKERS, LAST YEAR.

"I shall give him “In the Shadows” for two hours, with out cessation, to-night, he said firmly, and, leaving him with this awful threat on his lips, our representative fled aghast."

*From “The War at Wallaceo Mansions,”
by Derwent Miall.*

BUXEY AFTER PREPARING PHOSPHINE.

“ What have we here? a man or a fish, dead or alive? A fish, he smells like a fish, a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not-of-the-newest. Poor-John . . . Legg'd like a man (?) his fins like arms! (and *vice versa*). Warm o' my troth (hot stuff).

“ *Tempest.*”

BUXEY OVERHEARD IN THE AVENUE.

He—“ Do you love me.”

She—“ My husband then.”

“ *Tempest.*”

BUXEY IN YEARS LATER (midnight).

“ Lullaby oh lullaby”
Thus I heard a father cry.
‘ Lullaby oh lullaby,
The brat will never shut an eye!
Lullaby oh lullaby,
What the devil makes him cry?
Lullaby oh lullaby,
Mary, you must come and try,
How can I from the bed-post keep
When I’m walking in my sleep!”

“ *Hood.*”

HARTLEYITES UP THE AVENUE.

“ They regularly turns the head of all the young ladies about here, Lord bless their little hearts! they think it’s alright, and don’t know no better, but they’re the victims o’ gammon.

“ *Pickwick Papers*”—*Dickens.*

“ CHILD-STUDY.

“ Some you wallop and they work, some you wallop and they jib.”

“ *Light that failed*”—*R. Kipling.*

PAYMENT FOR SMOKERS.

“ The charge of the Light Brigade.”

Tennyson.

ADVICE TO MR. LEIGH AND HIS UNDERSTUDIES.

“ Naughty little cuss-words
Such as “ dash ” and “ blow ”
Will lead you on to wuss words
And to down below.”

From Aunt Thomasina’s “ Nursery Rhymes.”

PROF. TIMKINS AT THE WELCOME SMOKER.

“My first thought was, he lied in every word.”

“*Childe Roland*”—*By R. Browning.*

THE CHEM. LAB.

“This devil’s smithy.”

“*Laboratory*”—*By R. Browning.*

THIRD YEAR NORMALS (Men).

“We are seven.”

W. Wordsworth.

MR. HEBDEN.

“I am a great eater of beef.”

Shakespeare—“*Twelfth Night.*”

MR. KITE’S ATTEMPTS AT SPEECH-MAKING IN COMMON ROOM.

“Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,”

Gray’s—“*Elegy.*”

MR. URSELL AT HOME.

“The village all declared how much he knew.”

Goldsmith—“*Deserted Village.*”

SENIORS IN SCHOOL PRACTICE.

Their’s not to make reply,
Their’s not to reason why,
Their’s but to do and die!”

Tennyson.

MR. BRUCE.

“Thy voice
Is a celestial melody.”

Longfellow—“*Masque of Pandora.*”

“RUBY” AND HIS OLD LOVE.

“Do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you?”

“*Midsummer Night’s Dream.*”

MR. JAMES.

“Then he will talk—good gods, how he will talk!”

“*Nathaniel Lee.*”

MR. KITE.

“Detested Kite, thou liest.”

“*King Lear.*”

A NEW "PSALM OF LIFE,"

* * *

Tell me not in verse and sermon
 "Life came from the land of dreams"
 Life can now be manufactured
 By the Chemist, so it seems.

Life is real! Life is matter!
 And the grave must be its goal,
 Dust thou art to dust returnest
 Was then spoken of the soul,

No Creator! No Great Spirit!
 Brought us to the light of day,
 But by accident we developed
 "Muddy vestures of decay."

Art was long before discovering
 That the mind and soul sublime
 Had their birth, their power and grandeur
 In the protoplasmic slime.

In this speculative battle,
 Mid experiments and strife,
 We've discovered we are cattle—
 Mere aggregates of life.

There's no future, faith is useless,
 Hope's sweet visions all are dead,
 Hark! Hark to the Chromatinist!
 Germs within! and germs o'erhead.

Cytoplasmists now remind us,
 They will do great things in time,
 Joy and sorrow, love and hatred,
 Are all compounds born of slime.

Chemists will in near future,
 Settle all disputes and strife,
 Peace and love they'll manufacture
 From mere *Algæ* cells of life.

Let us then give up our moaning,
 Chemists can decide our fate,
 Still believing, still advancing,
 Learn to wonder and to wait.

T. W.

HARTLEY BISCUITS. 

+ + +

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it"

Burns on "Captain Grosse."



For saying:—

"You, gentlemen, should remember *you* are
the future mothers and fathers of England,"

Mr. Dudley takes the biscuit.

For saying:—

"I *would* like to see what goes on in the
Women's Common Room at 11.15,"

Mr. Thomas takes the biscuit.

For saying:—

"I will work all night, some day,"

Mr. Ursell takes the biscuit.

For saying:—

"I want the book that is lying alone with some others,"

Miss Hamilton takes the biscuit.

For saying while pointing to Buxey:—

"We condense water by means of this worm,"

Professor Boyd takes the biscuit.

For saying:—

"Some man in an undiscovered country where savages
were,"

Mr. Graves takes the biscuit.

For saying:—

"Men are in such a hurry to go to heaven,"

Mr. Raymond takes the biscuit.

For saying:—

"The crupper is that part of the harness which keeps a
horse's tail in its place,"

Mr. Rothery takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

“Look at the back of your neck, you fathead,”

Mr. Lewis takes a biscuit.

For saying :—

“The next time you look at my nose, shut your eyes,”

The same gent secures another biscuit.

For saying :—

“Any instinct that is not in that list would not be an instinct,”

Dr. Jones takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

“That she can look through the microscope with one eye, and draw with the other,”

Miss Millard obtains a biscuit.

For saying :—

“I could not flirt because mother was there,”

A Junior Woman Student takes half a biscuit.

For saying :—

“The inside of the cocoanut is filled with space,”

Prof. Sutherland makes his début.

For saying :—

“You make that sound with your nose through your mouth,”

Miss Cussans takes a biscuit.

For asking :—

“The women students for all interpretations of the sign X —give me one to begin with,”

Dr. Jones takes e'en a second biscuit,

For saying :—

“Take Miss Stott's voice, and carry it down the line,”

Miss Pitman obtains a dough-nut.

For saying :—

“That the men are having mixed Physical Culture Classes by themselves,”

Mr. Raymond takes a biscuit

For commanding :—

“ Running on the spot, at the halt commence,”

Mr. Raymond takes a biscuit.

For saying :—

“ A child cannot like porridge by eating soup,”

Miss Cussans takes a biscuit.

For saying :—

“ A conclusion which is not a conclusion is a perfectly legitimate conclusion.”

Prof. Lyttel takes a wafer.

For saying :—

“ When you tackle a piece of history, pull up your socks and go for it.”

The same gentleman takes the biscuit.

For writing :—

“ Put a rifle in the hand of the keenest eye.”

Thring takes a biscuit.

For saying :—

“ With 999 people out of 100 it would be so.”

Mr. Phillips takes a biscuit.

For saying :—

“ The Salvation Army looks after people who are in the habit of committing suicide,”

The honourable member for Tipperary obtains a biscuit.

For saying :—

“ It is difficult because of its simplicity,”

Mr. Leake takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

“ Infinity is a terrific number ; more than that,”

Mr. Phillips takes the biscuit.

For translating a sentence in Tacitus thus :—

“ The legions all swore at him,”

Mr. Thomas takes a second biscuit.

For saying in a French lecture :—

“ Faust allait au diable,”

Miss Tidman takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

“ If a man makes up his mind to be clever he will be clever,”
Mr. Raymond takes the biscuit.

For asking :—

“ Is Miss Newman a second year *chap*,”
Mr. Davis takes the biscuit.

For saying to a class :—

“ Don’t look at it, because it isn’t on your papers,”
Mr. Lewis takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

“ What was it King Alfred couldn’t do, boys?—look at the!”
Mr. Laycock takes the cake.

SMILES. ☺ ☺

“ A face that cannot smile is never good.”
Martial.

* * *

Mr. Jacobs at Central Union.—

We have four balls left from last season, therefore we want four more:



$$8 + 2 = 10.$$

So we want 12—let us say 18. That is really 20, we will put down 24.—But we will ask for 34. If the Gen.-Sec. understands 38, so much the better.

The study of music includes philosophy—fe-la-soh-fe.

Ode to a landlady—

Two weeks' rent.

Dialogue heard in ‘Digs.’

1st Stud. :—I say Jack, are you asleep?

2nd Stud. :—Asleep? No! I should think not! Hang it, how they bite!

1st ditto :—“ Try my dodge. Light your pipe and blow a cloud under the clothes. They let go directly. There’s a lot perched on the foot-bar of my bed now—coughing like mad!”

Flirtation—A spoon with nothing in it,



"Raillery, Raillery ! indeed we have no Animosity—
We hit off a little now and then, but no Animosity."

Congreve—"Way of the World."

THAT Mr. Kite did not relish buying half-a-pound of cocoa.

THAT Mr. Jowitt's hair in a Soccer Match rises to the occasion.

THAT "Nidge" is not going to die again, it makes too much noise !

THAT a ladder is wanted.

THAT Mr. Bateman has never read the bible and so did not know the story of Cain and Abel.

THAT Ruby has given her up.

THAT consequently he had an argument with the mother, but escaped with his life.

THAT Mr. Raymond is not an authority on love affairs.
Who is then ?

THAT the Juniors were very much struck with the address of Prof. Tumkins, at the Welcome Smoker.

THAT Mr. Ward only knows the Women Students to speak to.

THAT Mr. Davis had to follow the tram-rails, to find his way home from Bitterne.

THAT he swears that he drinks nothing stronger than tea.

THAT some students are not content with the usual complement of "*Hands*."

"Vive L'Entente Cordiale!"

THAT Mr. F - r - a - had to examine certain engineers' homework drawings, by means of a microscope.

THAT Jimmy Ursell has *not* sampled Antipon.

THAT Ursell and Freddy Kite have often argued on Antipon's merits.

THAT Mr. W - tts seems to think the point of vantage is under the clock, while Mr. W - b - r seems think that it is near the radiator.

THAT Miss Ploughman has forgotten her prospects in the North.

THAT Miss E - - - n think the Duke of Wellington's bust ought to be taken down from his shelf and dusted.

THAT we recommend her not to ask Charlie.

THAT Mr. Precious believes:—

That he who loves and runs away
May learn to love another day.

THAT the authorities would like to substitute in the place of Hockey, Rugger, and Mixed Physical Culture Classes, a Faculty for the extension of Domestic Economy and Parlour Games, and think that a "Beer, Skittles, Tiddleywinks and Marbles" league should be formed.

THAT Mr. B - db - y can "afford to swank."

THAT Mr. Powell is high in his praises of "bock."

THAT Miss Taylor is doing her best—among the men.

THAT Mr. Brown went to Yorkshire to get his hair cut.

THAT Mr. B - db - y declares that a certain young lady has fallen in love with him.

THAT the Opening Soirée was not a "frost," although we had "Snow" on the floor, and "Winter" at the piano.

THAT the "petits caporals" don't half put it on.

THAT Mr. Dudley remarked that he went to school in the early forties.

THAT he ought to retire on an old age pension.

THAT Mr. Hebden had counted the number of hours between November 1st, and the end of the term.

THAT Mr. Perry is becomling quite "un homme gahant."

THAT Messrs. Kelly and Jowitt like clay modelling.

THAT Mr. Kelly enjoys a cigarette to the bitter end.

THAT Mr. Kite exclaimed to the Senate—In the name o the Prophet—Soirées!

THAT Mr. Wain is the Beau Brummel of Hartley.

THAT Mr. Snow is an expert in Criminalogy.

THAT Mr. B - mf - - d is a worthy successor to Cyril R - mm - r.

THAT Miss Cooper would not like to marry a man who couldn't kick.

THAT Ferdy Marshall is a poor second to Mr. Leigh.

THAT Mr. Band thought the lady was included in the 15/- a week.

THAT Mr. Crawford propounds a paradox when he says the bell is early at the close of one lecture, but late at the commencement of the next.

THAT "Rabbi Ben Laycock" is the forthcoming is the forthcoming poem of R. Browning.



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**Special Terms to the Students of Hartley
University College.**

THE RUMBLE. x x

[Rumble, a seat for servants behind the body of a carriage.]

* * *

My lady has a phaeton neat,
 In which she drives each morning,
 A chestnut smart that fluts along
 As though the ground bescorning.
 The passers-by stand still to gaze,
 Forget life's rough and tumble,
 To see my lady at the reins,
 With James upon the Rumble.

A gallant sight ! I grant you, sirs,
 But James, he seems reflective.
 Perhaps he thinks—" what's fine to you,
 To me seems most defective.
 Why this great difference between
 The high ones and the humble ?
 Why should some always take the lead,
 While some must take the Rumble ?"

Well, James, I really, can't explain
 Life's mystery, its great riddle—
 Why some should always be first string,
 And others second fiddle.
 But this I know—it's wise to try,
 To bear up, not to grumble,
 And, if you cannot get in front,
 Be happy on the Rumble.

So do cheer up, my honest friend,
 And let this be thy ditty ;
 "The phaeton's neat, the chestnut's smart,
 My lady's very pretty.
 Yet there'd be something lacking which
 Would make it all a jumble,
 But for my chocolate and gold—
 My presence on the Rumble."

UNTHINKABLES. ☐

"A College joke to cure the dumps."

* * *

Swift—“*Cassimus and Peter*.”

IF Mr. B - - d should have tried “Tatcho.”

IF Mr. S - - TH should say not “noddings” on the soccer field.

IF the Corporation should enlarge the Bargate for the passage of a certain students’ *nines*.

That the same student is descended from a race of policemen.

THAT Stodger has a waist.

IF the same gentleman were not an all-round sportsman.

IF he should ever suffer from consumption.

THAT Mr. McGuire should not introduce the juniors to the “*historic beauties*” of Southampton.

THAT the Second Eleven should train on Spearmint.

IF there should be no bones in *Triph(p)e*.

THAT Mr. H - b - n should be an authority on atomic weight.

IF Mr. Street should deign to say *Mr.*

IF Mr. Ward should not change his “digs” this term.

IF Mr. Dudley were to miss a biscuit.

THAT anyone should have seen Mr. Jacobs on the night of 19th November.

IF the new Physics Lab. boy ever smiled.

THAT Mr. Snow should remain in the Common Room during the interval.

IF Third Year Normals should forget their pens and note-books.

THAT Mr. Ur - ll should forget to go home to dinner.

IF Mr. Sn - w should forget to say after every dance—"This is the best I have had this evening."

IF Mr. H - b - n should wear a Coll. cap.

IF Mr. Sp - ks should get his hair-cut.

IF the Senate *could* stop Mick's Phiz.

IF Mr. Lane should go to bed without his Coll. cap.

IF Mr. St - t should find the safety-pin with which a grateful class provided him.

THAT Mr. Ur - ll should have pitched on Shylock.

THAT Mr. P. Moriarty should forget his presence was needed in the smoker at Millbrook.

THAT Mr. Brown should ever attend a Coll. function.

THAT Mr. Laycock should shave without cutting himself.

THAT Mr. Jacobs should prefer Botany Excursions to Soccer.

"I DO NOT LIKE THE NEW NAMES, I MUCH
PREFER THE OLD."

+ + +

In the days of yore our damsels bore
 Names that were homely, sweet, and simple,
 Like sprightly Nell, and true Annabell,
 And winsome Madge with her roguish dimple,
 And gentle Alice, tall and slim,
 Grave Margaret, and merry May,
 Kate the saucy, and Jane the prim,
 And changeable Edith, whose nay was yea.

Where is tender Grace, with her rounded face,
 Or dark-haired, dark-eyed, sweet-lipped Mary,
 Or pretty Fanny, or busy Annie,
 Or Ethel, wayward and contrary,
 Or those flower names, from garden and mead,
 Rose and Lily and Violet,
 Of the days when a maid was a maid indeed,
 And none had heard of a Suffragette ?

Now we ransack Will Shakespeare's pack,
 And rake out Imogen and Audrey,
 And in the names of our hobbled dames
 We swank our love of the cheap and tawdry ;
 We have silly simpering Muriel,
 Gushing Gladys or Gwendoline,
 My landlady's name is Christabel,
 And her gawky maid is called Jessamine.

And Dorothea serves you your beer,
 Ivonne and Irene fill your cup,
 And Rosalinda smashes your window,
 Glad-eyed Sybilla picks you up.
 Will the old-fashioned names return once more ?
 Have they fled this world of fuss and fret ?
 The professional beauty was once—Jane Shore,
 She is now—Erymyntrude Antoinette.

WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

* * *

If the Grant has arrived.

If letters from old students are private.

WHY a large number of Senior Students have been relegated to the Mixed Choral Class.

WHY men, having received one year's training, should be offered 10s. per week as supply.

If students could obtain "full marks" by answering test papers "approximately."

If it is true that Napoleon was ginger.

WHY Thring wasn't "left" at Gloucester.

WHY Mr. Jacobs went home at half-term.

WHY Mr. Th---s sent that letter.

QUERIES.  

* * *

Is it possible to "beet"-sugar with "cane"-sugar?

WHAT are the co-ordinates of the "point" of a joke?

"THE course of true love never did run smooth"—is this owing to "friction"?

WHAT *price* a Junior inspector?

POST BAG. "Let me hear from thee by letter."
"Two Gentlemen of Verona."

+



MR. EDITOR—SIR.

It is my most unpleasant duty, in writing this, to criticise in no unmeasured terms the scurrilous rag of which you are the moving principle. I accuse you, Sir, of not playing the game. Secure in office, you and your fellow-villains of the Committee wage unmerciful war upon your defenceless brethren (and sisters). You exhibit an altogether fiendish delight in upholding to ridicule, and to the scorn of the multitude, the unhappy failings of your less fortunate fellow-students (less fortunate in that they are not your co-partners in villainy). The poisoned barb of your subtle wit flies on its way, wounding your helpless victims in their tenderest parts. The sledge-bammer of your insinuations falls with relentless force on many a pet corn and bunion. The—but I will not multiply metaphors further, nor waste words of wisdom upon callous, hidebound, flint-hearted unscrupulous rogues, such as you and your colleagues.

What business or concern is it of yours, or of anyone else in the College, that a small select circle of men have an exceedingly extensive vocabulary at their command? Does not this indicate the possession of an extensive range of ideas? Are they ever at a loss for a word? Why, then, should you, with delicate sarcasm and veiled innuendo, publish to all and sundry an account of their accomplishments? They are modest—you make them blush.

Again (and this is a point on which I feel most strongly), if it should happen that two young people should, for some unaccountable reason take a delight in one another's company, to the exclusion of that of all others, and should find pleasure in protracted conversations under the clock (upon scientific subjects)—what is it to do with you, or anyone else, save they two alone? Have you *no* pity, *no* sympathy, *no* compassion for fellow-creatures in distress? Such things are like measles or chicken-pox, infantile complaints, which at some period of life all must undergo. Is it, then, being natural, so funny or remarkable that, with delicately-applied quotation and half-concealed allusion, you should make a mock of their (to you) foolishness?

Sir, it reflects dishonour upon your Magazine, and indicates in no uncertain manner its character, that you and your accomplices should be seen sneaking furtively along (like stage-villains) hunting for "copy." Note-book in hand, you move gingerly, and on tip-toe, among us, poking your inquisitive nose into the most private conversations, casting the baneful search-light glare of your optics into the remotest corners of Coll. In the corridors, on the footer-field, at lectures, at debates, at Sci. Soc.—everywhere, in fact—you go prying and peering. Is nothing to be left untouched by your sacrilegious pen?—nothing to be safe from the mud of your ingenious satire? Do you think of anything at all, save the few scraps of soiled paper which you, in your hideously unbounded conceit, term a Magazine?

I make no doubt that in your next issue, amongst those destined to suffer at your bands will be that poor, misguided youth, Mr. Cadbury. I take this opportunity of registering a most emphatic protest against such an act. I strongly disapprove of any reference being made to those with

whom the world has dealt harshly. Such persons as he should receive unlimited sympathy. We should not ridicule or deride them, but rather, out of the depths of our pity, we should endeavour to comfort them in their affliction. What is it to do with you that Mr. Cadbury's "sister" sends him two roses per week? Have you no sisters?—and how can he help all the girls in Southampton falling in love with him? You know that all "the k-nice nymphs love a k-nugget." Again, if his dear mother insists on his wearing kid-gloves on all possible occasions, so that his poor little hands should not get cold, or his dear little feet get wet, why should you, or I, or anyone, criticise? Let us mind our own interferences.

I will not apologise, as some might, for usurping your valuable space. I do not regard it as such, but I greatly regret that lack of time prevents my expressing, in more forcible language, and in greater detail, my opinion of your periodical. Suffice it to say that I consider it a bundle of impudent personalities, a collection of cheap witticisms unworthy of a Hartley student.

Yours most disgustedly,

AFFLIGÉ.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—We are not responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents.

—o—

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

* * *

THE increased interest shown in this Society last session has been well maintained. The number of members at present enrolled is about ninety. This is slightly less than the total number of members last year. The decrease is largely due to the smaller number of students in College, but we hope to bring the number up to at least 100 before the close of the session. A full programme of fortnightly papers has been arranged. Meetings started in October, as soon as the College settled down after the elections and disturbing influences associated with the beginning of a session.

The Annual General Meeting was held on Tuesday, October 15th, and was well attended. Dr. Boyd took the chair. The only business of importance was the election of officers for the session, and when this had been carried out the meeting closed.

The first Ordinary Meeting of the Society was held on Thursday, October 31st, in the Chemical Lecture Theatre. There were about forty-five members present, and the chair was taken by Mr. Marle. A lecture, entitled "Soap Bubbles," was given by Mr. H. J. Tomlinson, B.Sc. Though nominally on soap bubbles the lecture was not by any means exclusively devoted to the consideration of the properties of soap films, but the attention of the audience was drawn to all kinds of phenomena connected with surface tension. The formula of drops of liquid was first discussed, and shown by projection from the lantern. The resemblance between the effects of surface tension and those produced by an elastic membrane containing fluid was shown. A molecular explanation for the existence of surface tension was given. The question of Soap Bubbles was

then considered, and, among many other interesting properties, the smallness of the pressure inside a soap bubble was shown. Mr. Tomlinson also discussed the stability of cylindrical films, illustrating his remarks by observations on a spider's web. The permeability of soap films by vapours was also shown. The lecture was illustrated by a series of experiments too numerous to describe at length. It should be mentioned, however, that, in spite of the extreme delicacy of manipulation required for the successful execution of many of the experiments attempted—not a single one failed. A hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Tomlinson for his lecture, and to Mr. Fielder for assisting in the experiments, concluded the meeting.

An Ordinary Meeting was held on Tuesday, November 12th, in the Chemical Lecture Theatre. Mr. Dixon took the chair, and about forty-five members of the Society were present. Mr. E. R. Marle, B.Sc., read a paper on "The Scientific Side of the Preparation of Food." Mr. Marle pleaded for a more scientific method in attacking the problems of cookery, and pointed out that much time was wasted in learning to cook by the extreme vagueness of most recipes. He then went on to call attention to the obvious fallacy of many old wives' tales on the subject of cooking and other forms of domestic economy. Reasons were then given for the preparation of food by cooking, and it was shown that by using suitable mixtures of foods the body could obtain sufficient quantities of all the types of nutriment required without the labour of consuming excessive quantities of one particular kind of food. Mr. Marle then discussed several cases in which the correct amount of cooking was very necessary, as excess or deficiency left the food in an unassimilable form. The advantage of quantitative accuracy was shown by a sample of junket prepared with weighed quantities of milk and renet, at a temperature of 98°C. The result was eminently satisfactory, as those who overcame a certain natural squeamishness, and tasted it, are prepared to testify. The lecturer then explained the functions of eggs and baking powder in making light cakes, and pastry, and strongly condemned the variety of the latter comestible, known by the qualifying distinction of "puff." Lack of time prevented Mr. Marle from finishing his paper, but we hope that he will give us the rest at some future date. The lecture was heard with much interest, as was shown by discussion which followed it.

On Tuesday, November 26th, a meeting was held in the Chemical Lecture Theatre. Mr. Marle took the chair. A motion was proposed by Mr. Arnold, and seconded by Mr. Perry, that Rule 3 of the Society should in future read, as follows:—"Membership of the Society shall be open to all past and present students and members of the staff of the College, etc." This was duly carried. A lecture was then given by Mr. C. K. Ingold on "Atoms and their Structure." The theory of the structure of atoms discussed by the lecturer was that due to, Sir J. J. Thompson, in which the atom is supposed to consist of negatively-charged corpuscles, called electrons, rotating under the influence of a central positive charge. The experimental grounds for such a theory were well shown by experiments on the discharge through rarified gases. Amongst other effects the fluorescence caused in many substances by the impact of cathode rays, and the shadows cast by these rays were shown. The deflection of a beam of cathode rays by magnetic and electric fields was also illustrated experimentally. Mr. Ingold then discussed the nature of the Rontgen or X Rays, showing many of their curious properties, and explained the method of photography by means of them. He then explained the nature of the Zeeman effect, and, after ably summarising the chief points of the theory, suggested that, though at present it is unsatis-

factory quantitatively, its undoubted merits qualitatively, at least, make it exceedingly useful to us as a working hypothesis. An interesting discussion brought the meeting to a close.

In conclusion, it may be said that a good series of papers has been arranged, and we hope that the interest of the members will continue to make the Society keep the position it now holds, as one of the most flourishing organisations of the College.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.—

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THE Literary and Debating Society shows every prospect of maintaining the keen interest which it raised last session. There is no lack of debaters; the time seems too short for everyone to say all he wishes to say. The Juniors have, without doubt, shown a keen interest. One can only hope that this interest may increase, as on the Juniors depends the continuation of the Society's success.

This session the debates are being carried out on more Parliamentary lines than has been the case in previous years.

The first sitting of the House was on October 23rd. Professor Lyttel presided. Mr. Phillips moved:—"That, under certain circumstances, suicide was justifiable." He mentioned three notable cases of suicide—Boedecia, Brutus, and Judas Iscariot. He asked the House to decide which they would prefer—"Death with Honour," or "Life with Dishonour." Mr. Price, in seconding Mr. Phillips, held that suicide was a hard way out of a difficulty, and that only as a last resort did man turn to it.

Mr. Raymond, in opposing, said that suicide was self-murder. Until man could make life, he was not justified in destroying it. Mr. Graves, in seconding the opposition, held that man had a duty to perform, which was not finished till his life was done, and, therefore, man had no right to hasten his death.

The motion was lost by 33 votes to 26.

The House again met on November 1st. The motion—"That the North is more conducive to the prosperity of England than the South"—raised a very interesting debate.

Mr. Hebden, supported by Mr. Rothery, argued a good case for the North, dwelling on her mineral wealth, and general commercial superiority.

Mr. Perry, seconded by Mr. Leigh, put forward an excellent case for the South.

The motion was defeated—32 votes to 29.

A more serious subject came before the House for consideration on November 22nd, when Mr. Ingold, supported by Mr. James, moved that—"The tendency of this country towards Socialism is disastrous." Mr. Ingold contended that present-day Socialism was tending to Atheism and the destruction of family life.

"That the tendency of modern Socialism was to place all power in the hands of the mob," was Mr. James' chief point.

Mr. Godden, in leading the opposition, held that Socialism was entering quietly into our social system, and for its betterment.

He was supported in these ideas by Mr. Brayne.

The Government motion was passed by 36 votes to 23.

It would not be fitting to close this report without drawing attention to the good programme for next term, special evenings being those devoted to the "Mock Election" and "The Lord Mayor's Banquet." It is hoped that all students will support enthusiastically these two very interesting events.

I. R. J.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

* * *

MEN'S BRANCH.

In sending these notes of the Christian Union work during this term, the Committee feel that they must thank those who so generously helped with subscriptions in welcoming the juniors at the beginning of the term. It is a pleasing fact, and one which they wish to emphasise—that these helpers were not confined to those who are in total agreement with their views. They also wish to thank last year's Committee for their help in sending such a large delegation of five to the Student Christian Movement Conference at Swanwick. A most enjoyable week was spent, and it is hoped that the inspiration gained from the eminent speakers and the social life will never be forgotten. The opportunity of meeting students and tutors from all the Universities, and a great many Colleges in Great Britain, besides representatives from a great many Student Movements in other countries, is too good to be missed, and it is hoped that a large delegation of juniors can be sent this year.

A great many ideas were obtained at Swanwick, and, in order to discuss them among ourselves, a Pre-sessional Conference was held during school-practice. The afternoon session was purely devotional, papers being read by members, and prayers being offered for our work during the whole year. The evening session was given up to business, and a general plan for the whole year was formulated.

At the end of September a series of Evangelistic meetings was held. We were fortunate in getting Mr. Charles Dibben, a retired Indian Missionary, to speak on the following subjects:—"What can Christ do for Men?" "What can Men do for Christ?" On the third evening Mr. A. L. Rawlings spoke on the question, "What think ye of Christ?" The Committee hope that during next term they will be able to hold a similar series of meetings, but from the point of view of the difficulties which College men have in fully accepting Christ as their Lord and Saviour. They are looking forward to seriously discussing with their fellow-students these questions, which all feel are so vital.

We have been very fortunate in our speakers, having listened to a series of well-thought-out and interesting addresses. The first meeting was addressed by the Rev. Mark Earl, on the motto of the Student Christian Movement—"The College for Christ." Mr. Hamilton then spoke, and was followed by Mr. Chas. Dibben, who completed his appeal of the Evan-

gelistic meetings by discussing the "*Basis*." An eagerly listened to address was given by the Rev. W. B. Keymer, who entered a strong plea for unity. It is not often that such a plea can be put to men of all denominations, and the fact that the Movement exists shows that we are fast approaching the time when differences will no longer exist. On the 17th of November a combined meeting was held, at which our Swanwick delegates gave their impressions of the Conference, and addresses were given on "*General*," "*Social*," "*Missionary*," and "*Federation*" topics. Mr. Pelly, the Travelling Secretary for the South of England, visited us from Headquarters, staying from Saturday evening to Monday morning. His address on Sunday afternoon (24th November) will be long remembered by all present, and it is to be hoped that he can come again before the end of the session.

The Study Circles have been very active, and a large amount of work has been put in on "*Discipleship*." At present there are four, comprising twenty-seven men. Next term the Missionary Question is to be studied, and in the third term a special study of the Social Problem is to be undertaken.

E. W.

WOMEN'S BRANCH.

The term commenced with a "Presessional Conference" for the combined Committees on Saturday, September 28th, Miss Aubrey taking the Chair, and Mr. Dibben also being present. The afternoon was devoted to the reading of several papers, while the evening session took the form of a purely business meeting.

On Saturday, October 5th, a Welcome Tea was given to the Juniors. Between twenty and thirty women students were present, and at the close Miss Aubrey and Miss Millard extended a hearty welcome to the Juniors, Miss Millard also giving a short account of the Christian Union, its work and aims.

We have been able to form three Bible Circles, with a total membership of about eighteen. The Book which is being studied is "*Discipleship*," by F. H. Angus, and has proved to be deeply interesting. Unfortunately we have been unable to hold any United Meetings this term, on account of there being no available room in which to hold them. We hope, however, to be able to arrange something for the coming term, further notice of which will be given later.

The three Combined Meetings which have been held during the term have been greatly enjoyed by those present. The first two were addressed by Mr. Dibben and Rev. Mark Earl respectively, and at the last one an attempt was made to hand on the message of "Swanwick" to those who did not attend the Conferences.

M.B.

MEN'S COMMON ROOM.

* * *

VERY few events of import have disturbed the accustomed state of tranquility which the M.C.R. has always possessed. Two matters, however, may not be passed over without a thought, one to be regretted by the 'Knuts, yet hailed with joy by the vast majority. The first is that smoking concerts have not had the vogue which they have had in the winter term of past sessions. In consequence the noble lines of the

Hartley chorū have apparently sunk into oblivion, *pro tem* at any rate. We hope that before the end of the session there will be many fumigatory meetings at which juniors as well as seniors may show their prowess in the realms of Orpheus—as they say in the classics. The second matter is the fact that the wearing of gaily-coloured hose in the Common Room is sinking into desuetude. No doubt this has been accelerated by the punishment inflicted on offenders last session, and by the fact that we have lost that gentleman of fashion (Mr. Porter), whose artistic temperament surely influenced many students of a doggy nature. R.J.B.

CHESS NOTES.

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THE membership of the Chess Club this year is not so large as last year, there being still several vacancies on the Record Board. But those who play are keen, a number of the Juniors showing great talent. The match—Seniors v. Juniors—resulted in a draw (3—3).

The Coll. has re-entered for the Hants Trophy Competition, the only match yet played—that with Andover—resulting in a victory (3—2). Prof. Masom, Messrs. Mackie and Gihhs won their games.

This season the Coll. has entered a team for the Hants Chess League, which has recently been formed, thus giving new players a chance of distinguishing themselves.

The Record Board is in full swing, and the Double Knock-out Handicap Tournament will commence next term.

R. J. C. W.

ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

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THE Society has derived considerable benefit from papers read by various members this term.

The first of these was by Mr. C. B. H. Clark, B.Sc., on "Rust and Corrosion of Iron." This was followed a fortnight later by "Reinforced Concrete." The speaker on this subject was Mr. Parker, A.R.I.B.A., a member of the staff. After the lecturer had concluded his remarks, he showed us over sixty fine slides, many of which were direct photographs of buildings being built under this system. The last paper which was given, was one by Mr. A. H. Burnand, A.M.I.M.E. This was of great interest to the budding engineers, and indeed to all present.

R. M.





TENNIS NOTES.

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A well-attended General Meeting was held in October, at which the following were elected Officers of the Club:—*President*—Miss Aubrey; *Captain*—Mr. C. S. Agate; *Vice Captain*—Miss G. M. Chappell; *Hon. Secretary and Treasurer*—Mr. R. J. C. Weber; *Committee*—Miss L. Dunkley, Miss L. E. Eustice, Miss V. M. Tidman, Messrs. P. Moriarty, R. G. Tulley and —. Price.

R.J.C.W.

HARRIERS CLUB.



The Club opened its season well by competing in the 5th Hants Sports on September 28th. Here the 100-yds. Championship was carried off by H. Ianson, and the Half-Mile Re-lay Race was won by H. Ianson, J. McGuire, R. Lund and E. R. Lovell.

The first Road Run was from the Cowherds on October 8th, when ten men turned out.

On November 13th an Inter-Club Road Race was held with the Hants A.A.C. Juniors

The Course was five miles. Although the Hants had a very easy victory, owing to their successful packing, yet some of our men ran well. Amongst the first ten home were four of the Club, namely—Lovell, Wain, Tulley and Houlahan. At this event Mr. Dudley acted as one of the judges. The Juniors, although they have not turned out in large numbers, yet they have Cozens and Broughton, who are showing promising form. It is hoped the Juniors will partake of this fine sport, so as to enable them to carry it on with success next year.

E. R. LOVELL.

WITH THE "TERRIERS."

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It is certain that if only some of the present non-members of the College Territorial Company could have spent a few days on Salisbury Plain, this summer, they would hasten to don the khaki uniform.

The weather was ideal, as some of the camp photos have since demonstrated to admiring friends. The spectacle of half the village in shirt-sleeves was absolutely unique. The work, though hard, was not excessive, and certainly we slept all the better after it. Not a few acquired the habit of sleeping on one knee after the night march. However, plenty of time was allowed for recreation, and many little excursions were arranged, the favourite objective being, of course, the bangars near Lark Hill Camp.

A typical menu may surprise those whose only idea of a Territorial Camp is of a place of soaked blankets, dog biscuits, and "skilly." At 6.30 came coffee and biscuits; breakfast followed at 8.15, with fish, bread, and butter. Dinner—as near 1.15 as possible—consisted of roast mutton and two vegetables, with stewed prunes as dessert. Tea, of jam, bread, and butter, followed at 4.30.

Camp is never without its distinctive humour, and this camp was well to the fore. The old jokes were again perpetrated. Pte. J. Ur-ll did his best to smarten "G" lines by "whitewashing the tent guy ropes." It was scarcely his fault that he did not succeed, since only "khaki blanco" could he found in the camp. As all old soldiers know, this is entirely useless for the purpose.

The "keys of the guard tent" are still missing, in spite of an organised search by the recruits.

The Colour-Sergeant's injunction to "On rising, wash and shave your rifle," was not followed by many, so far as can be ascertained. It was rumoured, at one time, that he had intended giving a demonstration class at 6 a.m. on Sunday mornings. Unfortunately, the idea seems to have been dropped. Next July, however, the razors from the Biological Laboratory ought to be in great request.

Next summer we look for a still better time, especially if, as rumour says, our training takes place in the Isle of Wight. Camp, with its frank and helpful comradeship, is an admirable way to meet one's old comrades, and it is quite possible that camp will, in future years, partake of an annual re-union.

* * * *

"G" are to be congratulated this year! The Battalion Sports Cup was secured easily. In this connection thanks are due to Pte. E. L. Lovell for his very able assistance. In musketry the second prize in the "Stringer" Cup shoot fell to "Hartley." Here, however, there is room for much improvement. There is every chance, too, that when the result of the Battalion Competition is declared it will be found that "G" Company are the winners.

The current year should be more successful still, if all recruits do their share by completing drills and standard tests as soon as possible.

Congratulations to Sergt. Hallam on securing the "Best Battalion Shot" Prize, and best wishes to Sergt. W. White in his captaincy of the Battalion Miniature Rifle Team.

G. H. S.

SOCCER NOTES.



vanced, we were able to place in the field a thoroughly representative and successful eleven. The team throughout is composed of "workers," and despite reverses at the commencement of the season, it has now a long list of successes to look back upon.

As is usual, we had to meet strong League teams, when the Coll. team was quite an experimental one, and, as a result, we only obtained one point out of the first three matches. This, of course, necessitated changes in the Eleven, and Glover was moved from "full-back to "centre-forward."

From this time the Coll. have had a good run of successes. In his first match in this position Glover obtained 3 goals. In the same match, Williams, at left-half, obtained 2, thus showing our indebtedness to the "Junior part" of the team.

The forward line is, at last, giving satisfaction, though there is still a disinclination on the part of the "inside-forwards" to shoot when near goal. Moriarty, on the extreme right, is playing in good form; he is speedier than last year, and centres very accurately.

Radford, Glover, and Kelly—our inside forwards—are all fast and clever, Kelly, in particular, being conspicuous for some delightful foot-work, and hard, true shooting.

Lund has shown that he is quite as fast as last year, and, although playing on the left wing, he is always dangerous.

The 'halves' are a hard working trio—Russell is still inclined to wander, but is a very useful half. King plays vigorous football, feeds well and tackles with fine judgment. Lewis is as good as ever.

Williams and Newsham are a reliable pair of 'backs'; the former is always cool, a sound tackler, and strong kick. Newsham, though slow, tackles and kicks with fine judgment.

McGuire is very safe; he gathers the ball well, and apparently has a natural aptitude for saving penalties.

Seniors v. Juniors. (Draw 2-2).

For this annual fixture the Principal kindly consented to kick-off. The Seniors were expecting to win handsomely as there were five of last year's Cup Team in the field, whilst the Juniors had great difficulty in getting a team.

As the Soccer team met with such continued success during last season, we have, naturally, been desirous, this year, of maintaining the reputation earned by the College in the Association game. The early part of the season found us quite unprepared for a strenuous season, as several excellent players had left the Coll. However, as the season ad-

Mr. Phillips kindly consented to referee, and after the usual photos had been taken the teams lined up as below:—

SENIORS.

McGuire.

	Newsham.	Lishman.	
Lund.	Lewis.	Ruffell.	Radford.
	Jowitt.	Moriarty.	Kelly.
			Mummery.

O

Bradbury.	Falcon.	Band.	Graham.	Broughton.
Williams.		Naylor.		Bamford.
	Glover.		Hebden.	
			Smith.	

JUNIORS.

The play was fairly even for a time with the Seniors having the slightest advantage. From a piece of good work on the right Lund opened the scoring for the Seniors. The Juniors were not discouraged at this early reverse, and by persistent play obtained the equalising goal. Immediately afterwards they took the lead through a misunderstanding between the Senior backs. This was all the scoring till half time. It was hoped that the Seniors would pull together more during the second half, but this was not the case. They did eventually score, making the scores level. The final whistle sounded soon afterwards with the scores still level.

Considering that the Juniors had not played together before they accomplished a surprising performance. Their defence was splendid. Smith early displayed his prowess as a goalkeeper, while Glover and Williams played excellent football.

Of the Seniors little need be said; their attacks were ragged, the combination at times was very poor, and throughout they played like a beaten team.

v. Arcadians. (Lost 1—0.)

October 9th. This was our first League game against one of the most formidable teams in the League.

The game was hard, and very fast with the visitors superior. They showed a perfect understanding, their halves tackling and feeding splendidly. They played vigorous, but clean, football, and, as a result, the Coll., with an experimental team, did not show to great advantage.

The defence was the best part of the Coll. team. Glover played brilliantly; he tackled clearly and fearlessly, often extricating the Coll. from very awkward positions.

The display of Newsham was also very creditable. McGuire, in goal, was very safe, some of his saves were very good; the halves were hard-working, but found a fast set of forwards very difficult to hold.

Our forwards did not combine well. They were often out-maneuvred by the visiting halves.

However, considering that we were only beaten in the last minute of the game, we were fairly well satisfied, and our play showed that when our men had been together a little more we should want a lot of beating in the League games.

v. Skerry's Coll. (Won 7-1.)

October 12th. This match usually provides a keen, vigorous game. This year, however, Skerry's seem to experience a difficulty in getting a team together to play "friendlies". As only ten of Skerry's team turned up, we had an easy time, winning without much exertion.

v. R.A.M.C. (L). (Draw 3-3.)

October 16th. Our visit to Netley provided us with only one point, although the Coll. were unlucky to have what appeared a perfectly legitimate goal disallowed. There was a distinct improvement in the team during this match. The forwards combined splendidly, Lund and Kelly being responsible for very pretty footwork on the left.

The halves worked well, supporting the forwards in a much better manner than previously. The play of the full-backs was quite in keeping with their respective reputations.

McGuire, in goal, was not as safe as usual.

v. Royal Engineers. (Won 4-2.)

October 19th. The football in this game was not of a very high standard. The Coll. certainly took things very easily, and, as a result, there is little to enthuse over. The Engineers were robust and energetic, but were outclassed.

v. Southampton Park Avenue (L) (Lost—2-1.)

October 23rd. Our League match with this team was expected to be productive of hard, clever football. Park Avenue record was almost unique—out of five matches played they had not dropped a point, and their opponents had not pierced their defence once.

Our fellows were fully aware of the calibre of their opponents, and meant to go "all out" to win.

The "Park" were completely outplayed for the first twenty minutes of the game, but we could not score. This inability to score was due to the failure of Band in the centre. The extreme wing-men played brilliant football. Moriarty, in particular, executed some sparkling runs down the touch, but his centres went begging. Park Avenue began to find their feet after a short time, and gradually had more of the play. Through a misunderstanding between the backs, they opened the score. The second half had not been in progress very long before we were deprived of the services of Lund, who met with a serious accident to his ankle. This was a great loss to the Coll., for, till this mishap, Lund was playing splendid football.

Playing with ten men, the Coll. monopolised the play, and it was very rarely that the Park crossed the half-way line. In one of these rare visits to the Coll.'s goal they managed to increase their lead. Kelly, however, immediately after, reduced this with a glorious shot. The final whistle sounded the result—Park, 2; Coll., 1.

There can be nothing but praise for the whole of the Coll. team in this match.

The forwards with the exception of the pivot were at the top of their form, and it was only rank bad luck which prevented them from scoring quite four more goals.

The halves were excellent, Williams played cool and clever football. King played a grand game at centre half, feeding his forwards accurately, and tackling with fine judgment.

Lewis gave of his best. The defence was sound with the exception of the one mistake mentioned. McGuire acquitted himself admirably saving a penalty in brilliant style.

v. Co-Operators. (L). (Won 6—2.)

October 30th. In this match we had to re-arrange the forward line, Lund's injury keeping him out of the team, and as a consequence Jowitt played at outside left. Glover was moved from back to the centre.

This match proved a walk-over for the Coll., although the Co-Ops. gave us a fright by scoring in the first minute. The Coll. quickly pulled themselves together though, and piled on the goals. Glover was soon in evidence, scoring three good goals, whilst Williams at left-half accounted for two others. Kelly notched the remaining goal.

v. Millbrook. Lost 2—0.)

November 2nd. Our opponents in the Junior Cup final, of last year, have given us a couple of friendly dates this season, this match, played at Redbridge being the first,

The game was very fast, and full of incident, although the large ground and soft turf, seemed to affect the Coll. They did not play their usual game, apparently suffering from a temporary loss of form.

Our defence was excellent throughout, but the halves and forwards were not at all convincing. Williams and Newsham played a hard, vigorous game, the tackling and kicking being excellent. Williams seems just as much at home at full-back as at half.

As the halves were below form, it was not to be expected that the forwards would do well. They were not supported, nor did they receive the ball in advantageous positions.

A score of 2—0 against was perhaps a reasonable index of the game.

v. Ramblers. (L). (Won 3—2).

November 6th. This team gave us a fright in the first minute of the game. From the kick off they walked the ball through our defence and were one up. The Coll. after this appeared to waken up, and, playing sparkling football they soon reduced the lead, and when the interval arrived the positions were reversed—Coll. 3—Ramblers 1.

After the interval the Coll. still continued to attack but were very weak in front of goal. The Ramblers managed to score again through a misunderstanding between the Coll. backs and 'goalie.' This was all the scoring in the match though the Coll. should certainly have won by a larger margin.

Our left wing played splendid football in this match. Jowett in particular played a very good game.

The halves were good, and easily held the opposing forwards.

The defence played well, but there must be a better understanding between 'goalie' and backs, or matches are bound to be lost.

Southampton Junior Cup—Second Round.

v. Artillery. (Won 4—0.)

November 9th. The Coll. had splendid support from the students of both sexes, who turned up in large numbers, and materially helped in the victory.

November 9th. The game was evenly contested during the first half-the Coll. being slightly superior. After the Coll. had repelled several attacks, the left wing got going, and Kelly put the finishing touch to a piece of splendid combination by a glorious shot, which completely beat the opposing goalie. The result at half-time was—Coll. 1; Artillery, 0.

The second half was a very scrappy affair. The Artillery resorted to very questionable tactics, and the standard of the game deteriorated considerably. The Coll. forwards were repeatedly hardly fouled, and, from a penalty kick, Newsham scored. The Coll. managed to increase their lead to 4 before the final whistle went. Both players and spectators were pleased when the game ended, for the display of the "gunners" was far from gentlemanly.

We have been drawn against Millbrook for the Second Round of the Cup, and trust that we may again defeat Millbrook, as we did last year.

v. Royal Engineers. (Won 6—1.)

November 16th. We had a weak team out against the Engineers, but we managed to win easily. Our goals were scored by Marshall, Glover (2), Kelly and Lewis (2).

v. Tramways (L). (Won 6—0.)

November 20th. Coll. had another easy game. The "Trams" could only muster nine men, and, although the Coll. did not exert themselves our opponents were so weak that we managed to register 6 goals. Our goals were scored by Kelly, Radford (2), Smith (2), Tully.

G. J.

SECOND ELEVEN.

At the beginning of the Season there was every prospect of the formation of a good Reserve XI., as the dissolution of the Rugger Club and the advent of the Juniors promised a fair number of players.

Although results have not exceeded our hopes, we have no reason to be dissatisfied with the team. Many pleasant games have been played and some good form has been shown. The unsettled state of the First XI. greatly disorganised the team, and consequently many changes have been necessary. When the College XI. have an away match, the support of the students who do not travel with them would greatly encourage the Second Team.

In goal Quinton has done some admirable work. He may be relied upon for turning dangerous shots, and is very safe. The backs are sound. Mummery tackles and clears very well and recovers smartly. He is very consistent; while Burgess saves the situation with his energetic play.

The halves are a good line, and their play has greatly improved. Rymer is possibly the most reliable, and his tackling leaves nothing to be desired. Nayler is ubiquitous and goes through much work in a little time. Watson has also been invaluable being a glutton for work. Leigh has on many occasions performed useful service in the half-line, and plays well to his forwards.

The forward line has of necessity been frequently re-formed, and as a result has seldom played well together. Smith at centre has worked with great advantage. His energetic manner and his headwork have obtained many goals. Band and Marshall on the right wing have worked together well. Marshall, although he wanders somewhat, does some good footwork, and not infrequently finds the net. Broughton on this wing has also done some smart work. The left wing has been changed for almost every match.

The first match of the season took place at Bursledon. The team, never having played together before, displayed weak form, and we were beaten by the startling score of 9-3. Such a result has not re-occurred, and we are anticipating a much different one for the return match. Lishman and Mummery were the only players who showed any sign of form.

On October 6th we visited St. Luke's, on the Shirley Cricket Ground. The share of the play was pretty equal, but the College failed to score in the first half. In the last ten minutes of the game 4 goals were scored. Kelly scored 2 from difficult angles, and Smith, at the centre, broke through, and scored. Ultimately, we were defeated 4-3.

Undoubtedly, the best match of the term was played at Winchester against the Training College. The play throughout was fast and good, and half-time was reached with no score. In the second half the play was pressed into Winchester half. A run down the field, however, secured them the first goal of the game, which was neutralised by Band. The result was a draw, 1-1, a fair representation of the play.

The team were then entertained to tea at the College. The whole team had worked well, and if such form were maintained the results would be more favourable.

Results.

Oct. 12—Bursledon	Away	..	Lost	3-9
.. 16—Post Office	Home	..	Draw	3-3
.. 19—Elect. Engineers	..	Away	..	Draw	3-3	
.. 23—Clifton Wednesday	..	Home	..	Won	3-2	
.. 26—St. Luke's	..	Away	..	Lost	3-4	
.. 30—Customs	..	Away	..	Won	13-0	
Nov. 2—Elect. Engineers	..	Home	..	Draw	2-2	
.. 6—Peter Symond's	..	Away	..	Lost	6-7	
.. 13—Winchester College	..	Away	..	Draw	1-1	
.. 16—Shirley C.L.B.	..	Away	..	Lost	2-3	
.. 20—Lyndhurst	..	Home	..	Draw	2-2	
.. 23—Taunton School	..	Home	..	Won	3-1	

Won, 3; Lost, 4; Drawn, 5.



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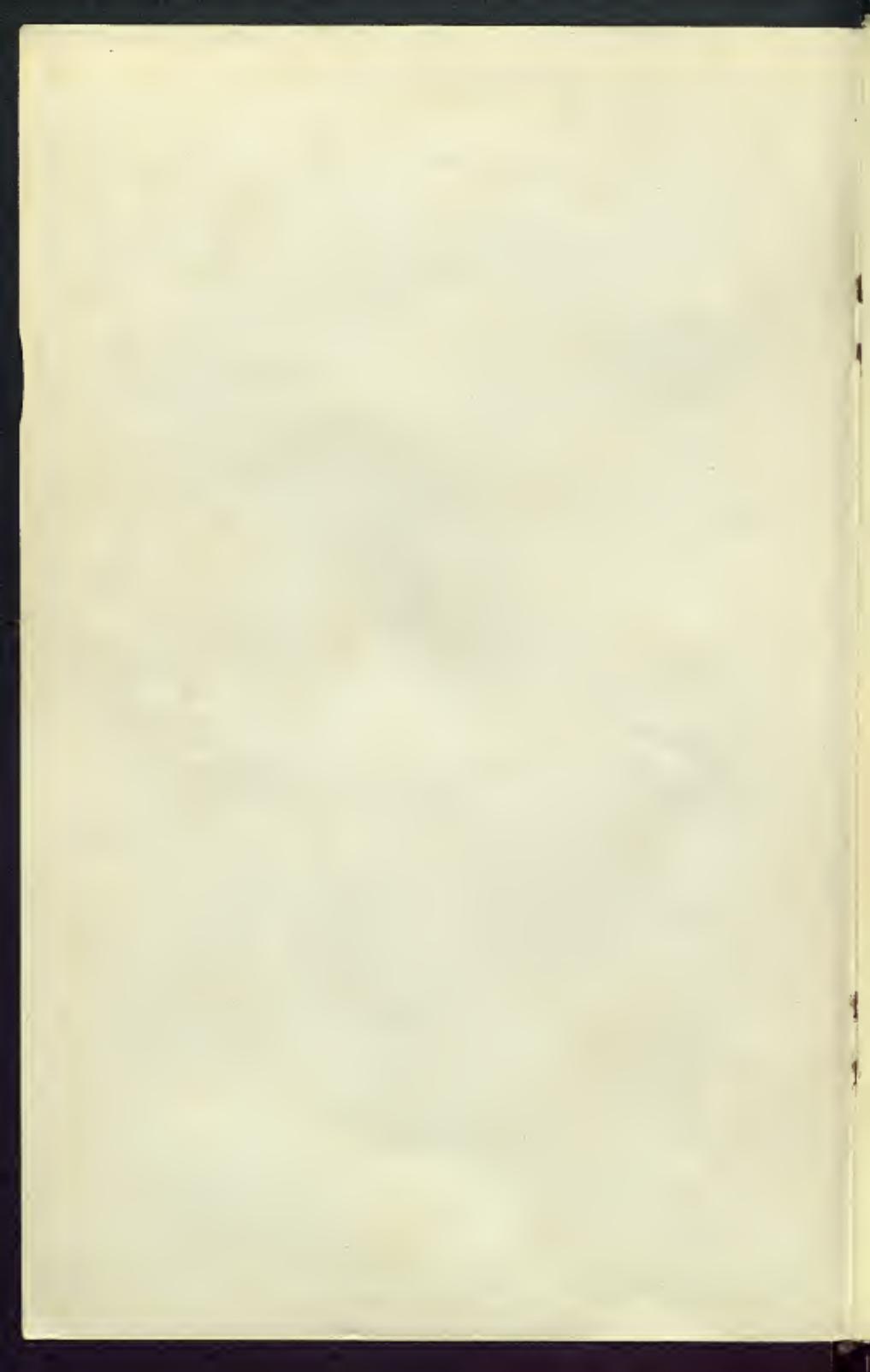
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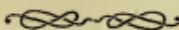
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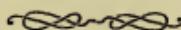
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